



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Front Page.

DR. BEATTIE NESBITT has taken the center of the stage this week, making his farewell appearance as a sensationalist in politics. He subsides. He retires. He enters a gilded cage. To use his own words, he gives up smoking and politics on the same day—throws away the cigar that the cartoonists loved to picture in his lips—and in order to preserve his health and get more time to devote to his increasing business interests accepts the Registrarship of Deeds for West Toronto, to which fees averaging about \$6,000 a year attach. It is a bit confusing at first to find that so much anticipated rest and so much prospective salary go together. But often the large salary goes with the light job. Perhaps the explanation of it is that Dr. Nesbitt does not feel called upon to tell the interviewers quite all the considerations that led up to his retirement from the Legislature and his acceptance of a post in the public service. How precarious a thing is the health of our statesmen! Many examples could be cited. To-day they are doing prodigies in the front of battle—to-morrow, lax, spent, broken, they are fit only to earn \$10,000 a year on the bench or \$6,000 in the plush quiet of a registry office. How deceptive, too, is health—or, rather, how false a front can ill-health wear when it wills, for some of the frailest-looking men are in the Senate at the age of eighty, while men with the measurements of gladiators have had to resign this, that or the other position. Let no one make light, however, of the hidden infirmities of the seemingly stalwart and robust man, for, unfortunately, there are cases, within the recent knowledge of all, which go to show that a man's lease of life cannot be judged by his rugged appearance. Moreover, a man may be genuinely ill and yet handle competently any salary placed opposite his name. It is a fact in physiology that should be taught in the schools.

The classic Registry Office in Richmond street—a relic in architecture and a tomb of documents—becomes now almost a shrine. In it are two men whose like are not at large in politics—Mr. Peter Ryan, Registrar for East Toronto, who gives cheery welcome to Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, Registrar for West Toronto. Both were in politics once; both are out now, their politics laid aside, all rancor gone, independent in mind, act and sympathy. Mr. Ryan was about the best campaign orator we have had. Dr. Nesbitt put into the political scrimmage about the sturdiest pair of shoulders yet seen there. He was not so well-known throughout the province as in the city—but he might have been, had he not resigned and accepted this Registrarship before the Legislature met.

Ever since Dr. Nesbitt emerged from the Mayorality contest with a laugh, it has been reasonably sure that something had to happen to him or to somebody else. His friends and his enemies united to make him a factor in politics. He was called "the Boss" until he was just about the makings of one. Give him a following, give him allies even in the Legislature, and what then? Perhaps he would have accepted a following—perhaps he had no desire for allies who would seek their own objects and let him bear the blame for such disruption as might occur. He has stepped out. He has stepped out when his stock is highest as a leader of a wing of his party. In general terms he has been represented in circles unfriendly to him as a man who stood for all that was undesirable in politics, yet he steps out with no clearly recognizable bad marks on his record.

Without doubt Dr. Nesbitt expected that he would be offered a portfolio by Premier Whitney on the formation of his government. Others met with similar disappointments, but among those passed over the burly Doctor is the one man who survived the slight put upon him and steadily increased his political importance. How he did it or with whom does not at present signify—but he did it, and the Legislative session was approaching with the member for North Toronto a stronger influence in practical politics than any one of several members in Mr. Whitney's cabinet. I consider this a fair statement of the facts as they stood last week. No doubt he was wise to drop out of a game in which he was cast to play the role of bad man whether he wished it or not. No doubt the leaders of his party, from the party point of view, were wise in retiring him to a gilded cage. As to the registration of deeds for West Toronto there is little doubt that the work will go on with all accustomed diligence and precision.

In regard to Dr. Nesbitt's actual departure from politics an interesting street rumor is current, for the truth of which I would not venture to vouch. The story goes that when about to be sworn in the other day, the Doctor secured the services of his legal adviser, Mr. Claude Macdonnell, M.P., that these two met Mr. Peter Ryan, who accompanied them to the City Hall in search of a commissioner to swear in the new Registrar, and, meeting Controller John J. Ward at the civic buildings, he was asked to officiate, which he did. Thus Dr. Nesbitt, the Orange leader, in quitting politics, was surrounded and aided on three sides by good Roman Catholics, and the story adds that one of the number, seeing the humor of the situation, substituted a Douay Bible for the one ordinarily used on such occasions. Dr. Nesbitt never suspecting the artifice practiced upon him. The question now is, Will the genial champion of Protestantism now lose his standing in the Orange Order, or will he demand to be sworn in a second time in other company and on another edition of the Scriptures?

At a dinner in New York the prediction was made by Alexander Graham Bell—the man from Galt, who invented the telephone and is now enrolled among the great Americans—that the problem of aerial navigation would be solved soon, and that men would be able to dine in Halifax and breakfast next morning in London. It may be that this will come to pass. The prediction contains, perhaps, nothing to surprise any man of the age of seventy. The man who has seen what the past seventy years have had to reveal must surely be incapable of expressing disbelief in the possibility of anything.

When Mr. Bell speaks of flying in twelve hours from Halifax to London he does not astonish his hearers more than he did when he announced, some years ago, that he could enable a man in Galt to carry on a conversation with a man in Toronto. The telephone is now one of the commonplace conveniences of life, and the schoolboy of to-day only marvels at the mystery of it about as much as the boy of an earlier generation did about the pump and the way it coaxed water from the dark depths of the well. The old man of seventy has seen the passage of the Atlantic reduced from seven or eight weeks to the same number of days. He has seen land journeying in Canada reduced from weeks to hours. He has been astonished by the Atlantic cable and has later seen the cable made to look mediaeval by wireless telegraphy. He has seen

matches supplant flint and steel, coal oil supplant candles and electric light come in to help the sun make day perpetual. When one considers the progress a man of seventy has witnessed on his way, one would suppose that he would desire to live on, if but to watch and listen. Yet one might gather from his conversation that he thinks mostly of his breakfast, of his poor night's sleep, and doubts if the times are what they were when he was young. Let the old man be honest with himself and the times, and he will admit that the world was but a raw material until the present generation began to manufacture it into something like a finished product. In the past it has been habitable as respects individuals; it now begins to be the equipped and conveniently furnished home of the race. As obstacles to man the oceans are being disposed of as surely as if they were being spilt into space. The mountain range that separated one nation from another so that for a thousand years the tribe on one side knew nothing of the tribe on the other, except for adventurous individuals who were slain on sight—these mountains have been tunneled by railways and these tribes are one. The nations of to-day are separated mostly by languages, and how long do you suppose these differences in language can withstand the pressure of modern trade and travel? Call it "business" and let us say that modern business is making this world one nation, instead of a globe spotted with the tents of a thousand hostile tribes. Should there be another coal strike in Pennsylvania the loss entailed will influence values on every continent. Wreck a freight train in the Rocky Mountains and Europe will swear in its ten

stone at him. Without discussing the whole practice it is enough to say that it is the whole of the practice in politics in Canada, and there is a surprise at it. The Ross Government bought its boilers from friendly boiler-makers, and the Whitney Government is doing the same thing, and will be let by tender at a hundred and one expenditures will be made by tender, and the official who knows his business will take trouble to know the politics of the man who gets the order for machinery, supplies and materials. It is sheer humbug to affect surprise at this practice. What the mischief do you suppose people interest themselves in politics if their politics are going to be forgotten absolutely when their friends win! All things being equal a party in power will always show a preference for those whose faces shine with gladness because that party is in power. And that kind of thing helps to make their faces shine.

The average city man supposes when he reads about excursions to the Agricultural College at Guelph that, should he go there, he would spend his time in such sight-seeing as presents itself in the live stock pens at the Toronto Fair. His idea of the place is that it is a fancy farm, different from the real thing only in that it doesn't have to pay its way; in that everything is nicely painted for show and the work done by "pupils" who are persuaded that they are not hired men because they get no wages. The city man would expect, if he went there, to be asked to admire a table laden with big pumpkins, and a sty

thing was handled is reported broadcast. The farmers have learned to rely on the college. I have said that it gets right down to the people. On a recent visit I met there an old farmer who was taking a two-weeks' course, learning new wrinkles about raising live stock. This was the second winter that he had come for a fortnight's training at the college, and he was a man of sixty. He has been farming for years in the County of Bruce. This year he brought with him a neighbor, old as himself, and that neighbor's son. There were perhaps fifty farmers from various corners of the province attending this special class. All it costs them is their railway fare and their board in Guelph. The benefits they derive, who can estimate? It is not only what they leave home knowing that they need to learn, but the hundred and one new ideas that they pick up amid such surroundings, that makes this event in their lives important. Each one on going home influences a whole neighborhood.

A member of the Legislature who visited the college on Saturday admitted that he had not been there in twenty years. Men interested in agricultural progress come from all parts of the world to inspect the famous college at Guelph, and it would be worth while for the Whitney Government, at the coming session of the Legislature, to adjourn the House for a day and take all the members to Guelph on a visit of inspection.

HON. ADAM BECK has made the question of Niagara power a special study. Speaking a year ago in London he declared that the harnessing of Niagara should bring about an industrial revolution second only in importance to the introduction of steam. That was a fair statement of what the result should be. What the result will be is going to be another matter unless, in the public interest, some new grip can be got on the power situation. Speaking before the Borden Club in this city on Wednesday evening, Hon. Adam Beck declared that Toronto's only hope for getting cheap Niagara power lay in the direction of public ownership. The prices so far quoted here are no cheaper than steam power. All that wonderful gain that the harnessing of Niagara will bring about, promises to be seized and held by the power companies and not passed on to the power-users.

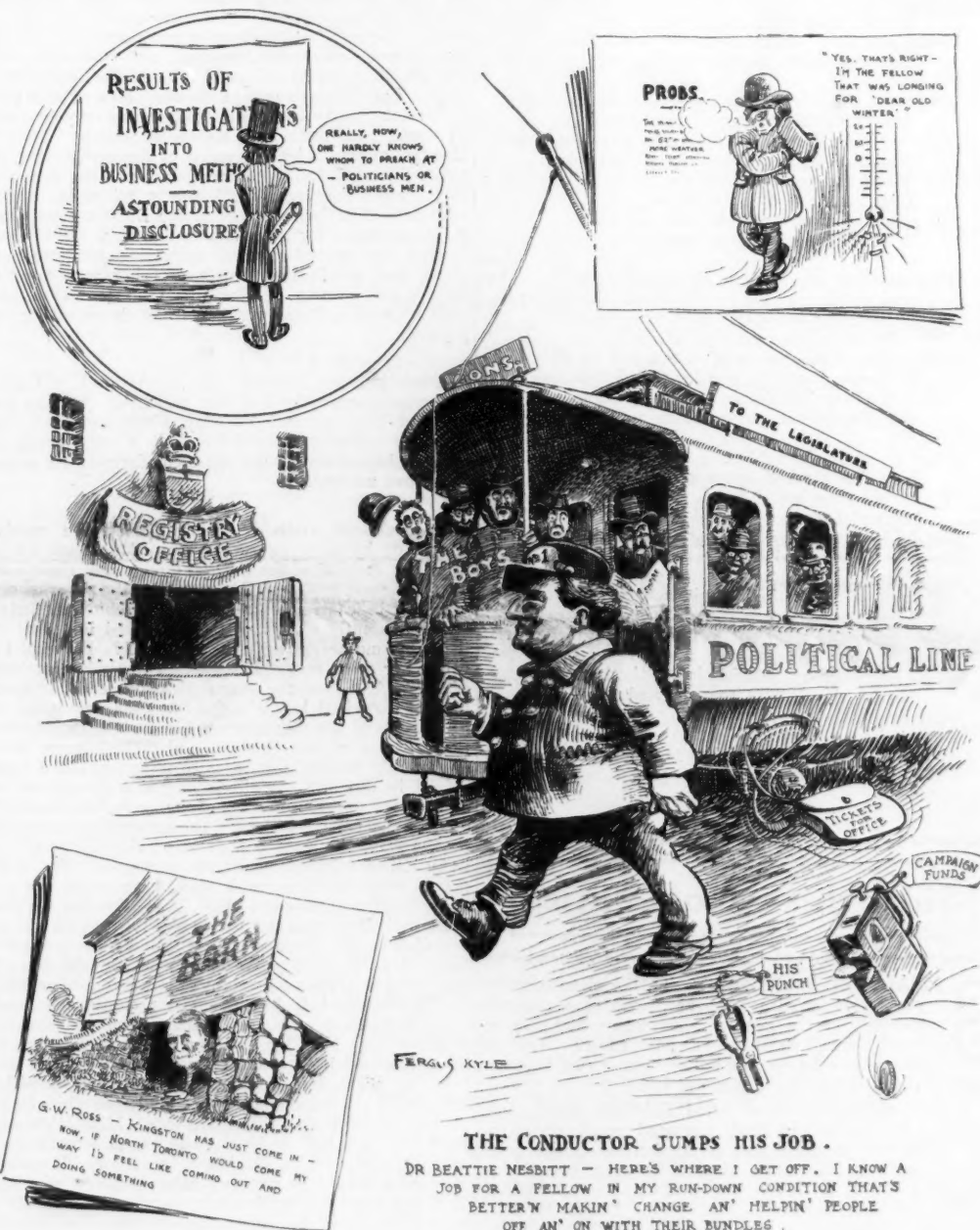
While the people are thus being told that they must look to municipal ownership as their only hope for getting cheap power, that hope is being destroyed by Controller Ward's unscientific handling of municipal labor, and by the apparent want of courage on the part of anyone in Council to stand up and say that the city should pay for labor no more than the market value of labor. How can the municipality supply cheap power or anything else cheap, unless the city can be a sane and business-like employer? If the municipality in doing its own street-cleaning must pay its laborers nearly double what the same men could earn in any other employ, what prospect is there of getting anything done cheaply through municipal ownership? Controller Ward is cutting the life out of public ownership with his hurrah-boys attitude on the wages question.

This whole subject is going to be argued at the City Hall next Wednesday, and it is to be hoped the Mayor and Council will recognize the serious importance of it as it affects Toronto as an industrial center. It means an increase of \$50,000 a year to corporation laborers who already receive 25 per cent. more pay than other laborers in the city doing similar work. It means that on all municipal contracts the same increase of pay will go into effect, drawing from the tax-payers nearly another \$100,000, most of which will be paid to a floating population of foreigners, who will swarm back here year after year with their relatives and friends, giving Toronto in Italy the name of being the place where Santa Claus edits the pay-sheets every Christmas.

In view of some recent remarks publicly made on the vice of smoking a married woman has been telling me that if her second husband does not smoke she will insist that he acquire the habit—all this provided that she should be so unfortunate as to lose her present husband and so fortunate as to get a second one. The point she makes is that a husband who smokes is much tamer than one who does not—more easily managed than the same man would be if he did not have his pipe or his cigar to divert him from meddling in household management. If he uses good cigars he does not wonder how his wife spends so much pocket money—he wonders how she knocks about so much while her incidental expenses are so small.

If a married woman were to sit down with pen and paper and write out her specifications for a second husband, the document would be an interesting one for her present husband to read. The second would or would not be a smoker, according to her experience with the one she already has. The dream of a young girl is to marry a hero of romance, but a widow is more practical. She knows that a man needs to be useful, and if she were putting specifications in writing, she would scarcely mention the color of his eyes, the shape of his nose or the shade of his hair. Good husbands come in all shades and sizes. She would insist that he be a prosperous man, healthy, cheerful, good-natured. Jealousy is much talked of, but, as a rule, it only enters into the calculations of very young persons, or those who desire to give it cause without causing it. She would like him to be a member of Parliament without going into politics, or prowling at night in search of votes. She would like him to be religious, but not more so than herself, as it would make him exacting. He should be big enough to feel like a safe protector on the street, and tall enough to reach down and strike matches on the sole of his boot instead of streaking his trousers with sulphur. He should enjoy reading by the grate in the evening, but not so much that he would resent interruption. He should be a total abstainer but not a bigoted one. Being good-natured and cheerful, yet he should let nobody impose on him, whether a partner, a customer, a landlady or an employer, and, while consulting his wife in all important matters, he should be the kind of man who will not put blame on her shoulders should anything go wrong. One might suppose that men possessing all these merits are scarce, but they are not. Widows are picking them up on the matrimonial market every day. Girls do not know them when they see them.

It cannot be forgotten for a moment that Canada is a country of great distances and in many ways the West, being sparsely settled, puts up with disadvantages that time will remove, but which it would be good business for Eastern Canada to assist in disposing of, if possible, without waiting for the slow hand of time to perform its work. Some day the West will be quite able to take care of itself. In the meantime it would be good business and good patriotism for older Canada to so treat the busy and growing West that there will not be too many grudges to settle when our center of population begins to move towards Winnipeg, as it is bound



languages over the loss and inconvenience of it. Burn a business block in Toronto and insurance company shareholders in seven kingdoms will mourn the loss.

As for flying from Halifax to London in twelve hours, who wants to make the journey in such haste? Even to go slower and make the trip from Toronto to London in twenty-four hours somewhat exceeds any mortal man's reasonable requirements. The ocean voyage occupying a week in a floating palace would be more to my liking. Before there can be established a safe path in the sky for flying across the Atlantic in twelve or any other number of hours, there will be a new line of skeletons laid across the ocean's floor by adventurous experimenters whose winged steeds have failed them at various stages in their journeys. Will success in the end be worth what it will cost in the earning? What's the hurry from Halifax to London?

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the enquiry into the doings of Mr. S. T. Bastedo as Deputy Minister of Fisheries, the man who reads the papers finds the evidence rather petty. It required no such investigation to prove that the Liberal party held office prior to the victory of Mr. Whitney at the polls. Mr. Bastedo served the administration of the day. He did that then, as, no doubt, he does it now. Before giving a contract for a new boiler he enquired as to the politics of the firm. On being asked why he did this, Mr. Bastedo replied: "So we could give the work to friends of the Government." He was asked if that was his policy and the policy of the Liberal Government. "It was then, and it is now," said he. "And you think it right and proper?" "I think it right and proper." Is there a member of Mr. Whitney's cabinet who can read this evidence without feeling his heart warm to Mr. Bastedo? If he is to be stoned let the member of Mr. Whitney's cabinet who has not already put the same idea into practice, cast the first

bursting with a fat hog. He would fear that he would be asked to climb into hay-mows, watch a fanning-mill do its chore, observe a hay-tedder vainly kick its heels in air, and when the day was done, tired and full of buttermilk, have to run to catch his train for home.

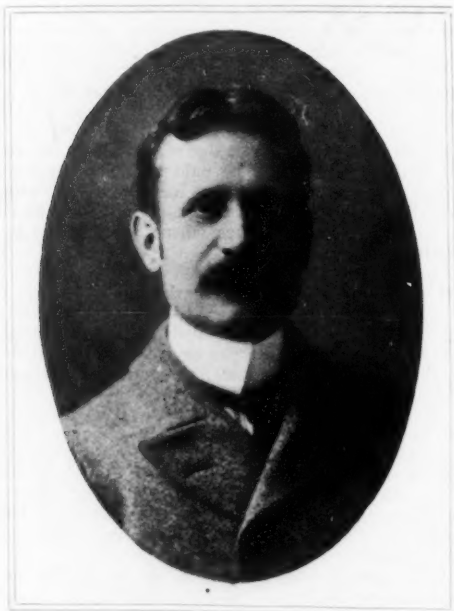
He does not know anything about it. The average man, whether from city, town or farm, will get the surprise of his life when he visits the Guelph Agricultural College. He will be astonished and delighted at every turn. With a total attendance of eleven hundred students, it is a college that ranks with the largest in Canada. It is not one, but a whole settlement of handsome buildings, and the work carried on is practical, experimental and surprising to any intelligent visitor. Whole avenues of possibilities open up at once to the view of the stranger when, for the first time, he comprehends the range of work being carried on there. Ontario has a university of agriculture at Guelph about which the people of the province do not know half enough. It gets right down to the ground on which the people live and effects results such as no other institution in Canada is able to do, and such as no other institution anywhere can surpass. The people do not know enough about it. The newspapers have never given it the attention its merits deserve. The Legislature of Ontario has nothing to its credit that compares as an influence and an asset with the Guelph Agricultural College.

About seventy-five editors of newspapers visited the institution on Saturday last, and were about as much interested as they had been at the World's Fair. It was made apparent to them that this province is bound to make great progress with our agriculturists being led, and led rapidly, into profitable methods by the wise and eager experiments going on at the college. The workers up there do not deal in theory. It is not white-shirt farming they are engaged in. The everyday difficulties of the back line tiller of the soil are grappled with and disposed of, and the way the

to do. A question of this kind, that concerns the newspapers of Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia was up for consideration at the newspapermen's convention in this city last week, and a resolution was passed favoring the establishment of a news service throughout Canada to which a grant of money should be made by the Dominion Government, as is already done towards the cable service from England.

It would be better if this news service could be supplied without aid from the state, but without such aid it does not look feasible at present. In the older provinces the well-established daily papers can well afford to secure for themselves such news from the West as they think they need, although as yet they probably procure less of it than the best interests of the Dominion would call for. Perhaps the Winnipeg dailies are in much the same position, although if the telegraph tolls were lighter they would use the wires more than they do. The newly established dailies, however, of Alberta, where there are three published in the evening and one in the morning, and of Saskatchewan, where one is published in the evening and one in the morning—these are in a very different position. They have to make way in a country where the population is sparse, the distances great, the cost of everything high and the revenue limited. In those two provinces there are now six dailies. In ten years there may be thirty of them. There is a Canadian cable service from England receiving an annual grant from the Dominion, but when this news comes off the cable, the cost of its transmission two thousand miles by land, makes the use of it almost prohibitive in Calgary and other distant points. In actual practice the cable service caters to old rather than to new Canada. It is not shop-talk to speak of this matter. It is a national question in which every citizen should have an interest. This is an age of advertising, and in the West there are now six daily mediums—soon to increase to ten or twenty—that are keen to open their columns to the news and sentiments that belong to the moving life of the nation. Not only so, but they are anxious to exclude the American telegraphic news that is poured in upon them at reasonable cost and in unreasonable quantities. As things stand it is commercially possible for the dailies of our Western provinces to get unlimited supplies of news from New York, Washington and Chicago, and only brief and expensive items from Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. Leave the whole question on a strictly commercial basis and the United States will continue to have this advantage in the Canadian West. There are people who worry seriously because this country is flooded with American rather than English magazines and weeklies, yet it is a much more serious matter to find the daily press of the new provinces forced to pack their columns with American rather than Canadian news. If there is one thing more than any other that ought to be "made in Canada" it is the news service that forms the nucleus for the daily papers in the rising towns of the West. That country is rapidly filling up with people from all corners of the world, an ever-growing proportion of them from the republic next door. How can they get their true bearings if, in the local dailies, they get more news from Buffalo than from Toronto and Montreal combined?

THE new Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, B.A., is well-known as a newspaper editor. This year he is president of the Canadian Press Association, and since the regeneration of the Toronto *News* has been associate editor with Mr. Willison, of that journal. Previously he had been connected with the *Montreal Star*, was editor of the *Ottawa Journal* and leader writer on the *Empire* before its amalgamation with the *Mail*. Mr. Colquhoun is at present a member of the Royal Commission on Toronto University and secretary of that body. He was honorary secretary of the local committee that entertained the British Associ-



MR. A. H. U. COLQUHOUN, B.A.,
Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario.

ation for the Advancement of Science in this city in 1897. Mr. Colquhoun graduated from McGill in 1885, with first-class honors in English literature, languages and history, being awarded the Shakespeare gold medal.

The new Deputy Minister is known among journalists as one of the highest authorities we have on Canadian history, and as having a keen interest in educational matters. In leaving journalism he quits a field where he stood in the very front rank, and I do not believe that any other man but Hon. J. P. Whitney could have induced him to resign from the *News* to undertake other work. He is known to have been for several years past one of the Premier's most intimate personal friends, and his selection must be taken to mean that the Government propose to aim at the highest efficiency in the educational system. A man of thorough culture, quiet manners and sound opinions, the new Deputy Minister is an acquisition to the public service.

ENOUGH has been revealed by the investigation into the building accounts of the new City Hall to beckon the investigators on into a closer scrutiny of the whole matter. Men who are away should be sent for. This is no time for men to be away. Although the climate is cold, the investigations going on this winter have had a tendency to warm things up somewhat. Toronto has been getting some good medicine. The present enquiry was begun on the suspicion that some of the aldermen—those aldermen whose lack of business standing is the constant regret of the Board of Trade and of top-lofty candidates who now and then deign to enter the field only to find that the foolish people reject them—had made money out of the building contracts when the municipal palace was being constructed. Not much headway has been made in the desired direction, but, here, as almost on every side, the searchlight seems to expose the business methods in vogue in the city as being based on the plumbers' plan, "You help hold him, and I'll divvy up what I get out of him."

When the courts get through with a full enquiry into the City Hall contracts there is no telling what exposures

will have been made, but enough is known already to warrant an investigation of every tender put in and every contract let. The city may not make any money out of it, but a chance here presents itself for conducting, on behalf of the public, an exposure that will reveal business methods as they are followed in Toronto, and one result will be to indicate to a rising generation where the lines of honesty, now blurred over, used to be distinctly marked.

With plumbers and others raking in gains by such methods as have led to their conviction, it is fair cause for surprise that our aldermen, subject as they are to continual temptation, have not been revealed by the first flash of the searchlight as a sworn and prosperous band of robbers. They have been belittled for years, their lack of either landed or business interests has been a constant reproach to them. They have controlled a great annual revenue, and they have done this in a city where the moral standards that govern the transaction of business have, in some instances, been shown to be of the brigand order. It is almost time to ask: If the aldermen are not crooked, how and from whom have they learned to be straight? If the man in business is after money by hook or crook, how expect the aldermen to pass spotless through temptations much beyond those that beset the ordinary man? So far as they have been searched as yet the aldermen of Toronto have not been found with stolen fortunes in their clothes. That disinterested but influential person, the Average Citizen, however, wants to see the whole affair concerning the building of the new City Hall examined by microscope—now that a start has been made—so that old business standards, where they weaken, can be re-established, and so that the idea will be dispelled that any deal, if shady, can be hushed up and forgotten if it can be covered from sight for a year or two. The people want a square deal even if they can't get it until a long time after it was due.

The Macdonald Institute Girls.

[The members of the Canadian Press Association were entertained at lunch by the girls of the Macdonald Institute at Guelph last Saturday.]

The editor men who visited Guelph—

The bachelor chaps at least—

Are all dreaming still, dear Macdonald girls,

Of your luncheon that was a feast;

As back we have come to the hurried meal,

To the restaurants' bustle and noise,

Don't you think we recall rather wistfully

Your quietness, deftness and poise?

Don't you think when our copy is in for the day,

And there's time after dinner to smoke,

That we think then of you and make plans far ahead—

Don't laugh, please, because it's no joke.

We dream that some day all our meals will be like

Your luncheon of Saturday—

All properly cooked and daintily served

In Macdonald Institute way.

They say that you learn to do sewing as well,

And to "do up" things plain and with frills;

You're certainly going the right way about

Relieving poor man of his ills.

Indeed, Mr. Creelman, you've tempted us all

To throw down the pen for the plough

And to lead the life simple and happy, care-free,

A Macdonald girl teaching us how.

What a country 'twould be if each home in the land

Were but marked by your orderly quiet,

If each boarding-house, hotel, and restaurant, too,

Learned from you to exchange rest for riot!

For the lessons you're learning and learning well, too,

Are more useful than lessons by book.

Art and music are good, but the average man

Cries, "Hurrah for the girl who can cook."

So here's to you all, wholesome Guelph College girls,

With your faces so rosy and bright;

Go on learning how to bring joy to the home,

In your dainty blue togery and white.

Good health and good fortune to you, every one;

We hope life will be fair to you,

And bring happiness to each heartsome lass there—

You deserve it—yes, really, you do.

HAL.

Sidelights on Notabilities

SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH, the phenomenally successful English publisher, who was recently elevated to the peerage, has taken the title of Lord Northcliffe of the Isle of Thanet. The selection is a happy and natural one, as he is much attached to his home on the Kentish isle.

A little volume of verse called *Infelicia*, which was published in England in 1868, attracted much attention. The verse was so good that a number of critics pronounced it to be the work of Charles Algernon Swinburne. There is no longer any doubt as to the authorship of *Infelicia*, however. Miss Adah Isaacs Merker, whose name appeared on the title page, really wrote the book. She was a noted circus-rider, who married Heenan, the prize-fighter, the famous antagonist of Tom Sayers.

John Brisben Walker was the pioneer in the steam automobile business, and, at one time, the factory of the Mobile Company of America, at Kingsland-Point-on-the-Hudson, employed nearly one thousand men. Mr. Walker was warned that the gasoline motor would take the lead in automobiles, but persisted in his devotion to steam, with the result that he soon found himself loaded with losses exceeding \$1,700,000. Mr. Walker personally assumed the indebtedness of the Mobile Company of America, and not only paid it off in full, but returned to every stockholder the amount of his investment, with interest. This action required the sale of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, Kingsland Point, and other properties.

Marshall Field was the largest individual taxpayer in the United States, and was richer than most people imagined. Good judges now place his fortune at a point near \$200,000,000. He was born in 1835, on a little farm near Conway, Mass. When he was seventeen years old he went to work in a country store. After four years he went to Chicago, and there he obtained a place as clerk with Cooley, Farwell & Co., a wholesale dry-goods house. He remained a clerk a year or two, when his employers promoted him. In 1860, he was taken into partnership, and from that day Marshall Field's fortune was firmly established. He lost \$3,500,000 in the great fire of 1871, and \$2,500,000 in insurance was collected. Twenty years later the business aggregated \$35,000,000, and now it is estimated at about twice that figure.

With kindly consideration *Who's Who* of London, England, notes that Sarah Bernhardt was sixty years old not longer ago than last October. The divine Sarah's age is a matter that no longer deeply concerns anyone. It is of interest, however, to note that her real name is not Sarah Bernhardt any more than the late Sir Henry Irving's name was Irving. Her surname is Darnley, and it is said her real Christian name is Rosine. If so the *Taller* thinks she must have adopted the more patriarchal and commonplace forename just to show how

easily she could lift even the commonplace into the regions of romantic glory. Perhaps, on the other hand, the act was prophetic. The Scriptural Sarah played her part in a great tragedy in the tents of Abraham. Her successor plays hers in the tents of Barnum. May she always keep young!

The saying goes that when anything startling happens in any part of the world there is sure to be a Scotchman mixed up in it. It is now pointed out that Mr. W. R. Hearst, who has been making things lively for Tammany in New York, is of Scottish descent. Mr. Hearst's grandfather, it is said, came from the land of the heather. He had the Scottish persistency so notable in W. R. He was a Missouri horse-trader at one time, but managed to make a United States senator of himself. His son, the father of the New York editor, upheld the family traditions by doing his share of roaming and by making a big fortune in California. We do not all admire Mr. W. R. Hearst's newspapers, but we can all admire his quiet, steady, persistent methods of doing the things he sets out to do. He certainly seems to possess many of the winning Scottish characteristics.



The two dances given last Friday night, one by Messrs. Alfred and Horatio Boulbee in Metropolitan Assembly Rooms and the other by Mr. Cockshutt at his home in Sherbourne street, proved that men, as hosts, have little to learn, and although in both cases the hosts have plenty of help and advice available from their relatives and friends of the gentler sex, it was easily seen they knew their role pretty well without a prompter. Mr. Cockshutt's dances are always well arranged, and from season to season the same coterie of good friends and comrades enjoy them. Last Friday's was particularly blessed with the presence of the pretty young girls and the smart young matrons of society, in their very daintiest gowns. Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, always a leading spirit of these charming dances, assisted in welcoming the company, and the accessions to their ranks continued until nearly midnight, some men who danced early and often at the Boulbee party turning up for supper or for after-supper dances at Mr. Cockshutt's. Supper was served at small tables brought into the ballroom, and needless to say everything was excellent in service and quality. The whole house was bright and cosy on such a frigid night, and the dance was extra enjoyable.

Mrs. Duncan Donald (nee McArthur) will hold her post-nuptial receptions at her residence, 74 Elm avenue, on next Monday and Tuesday afternoons and Tuesday evening. Major Donald has built a very pretty house, and the happy couple are most comfortably *en ménage* at the above address.

Mr. Alfred and Mr. Horatio Boulbee received a couple of hundred guests at their dance, not all young folks, for several of the *debutantes* brought their mothers, aunts or some male relative to whom the fates were kind. Apropos, it was comical to hear a mischievous little maid remark recently to a man lately arrived in town: "Yes, that's my mother, doesn't she look well? I'm glad I could bring her with me. I've had to leave her at home so often!" And then the merry girl laughed heartily at the politely surprised look she got from the newcomer, before he discovered she was chaffing him. To return, however, to the dance of last Friday (and there is more than one who would willingly have it over again!) the hosts received in the first drawing-room, and the guests on enquiring for programmes found themselves confronted with a new experience for some, a programmeless party, always, by the way, the most enjoyable of all, when participated in by intimate friends, as on this occasion. The orchestra played most inviting music and there were just enough dancers to ensure comfort. Miss Rossie Boulbee, in black and silver, and her young sister, just newly out from school-days in England; Mrs. Monk, the aunt of the hosts; Mrs. E. F. B. Johnstone, who brought Miss Jessie and her guest, Miss Kortright of Barrie; Mr. and Mrs. J. Christie, the lady looking most graceful and handsome in black touched with ecru, and a crown of leaves on her trim coiffure; Mrs. Hayden Horsey, in cream lace, was a handsome and jolly young matron; Mrs. Mulock, in black lace, her guest, Miss Moncrieff, in pink brocade; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Polson, the latter in a handsome white lace gown with roses of pink chiffon applique; Miss Worum and Miss Wilmore, both in black, with pretty wreaths on their coiffures; Miss Helen Davidson, in yellow silk with bands of ribbon shaded to orange; Miss Houston of Niagara; Miss Barwick, yellow brocade over white chiffon *jupe*; Miss Hilda Reid, in white *d'esprit*; Miss Codrington and Miss Barrow, two English girls, who were enjoying their first Canadian winter weather last week; Miss Melvin-Jones, in gold pailletted lace over pink; Miss Case, in a pretty white gown; Miss Moss; Miss Mary Clark, in white chiffon and satin; Miss Brouse, looking very handsome in white lace over green silk; Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, and Miss Kathleen Gordon, Miss Heron, Mr. and Miss Austin of Spadina, and those very popular girls, the Misses Park, who are sad to-day, now bidding farewell to Canada, were some of the merry party at Mr. Boulbee's dance. The men included Mr. MacMillan, D.S.O., Mr. Morrison, Mr. Edward Morris, Mr. Edward Houston, Mr. Stuart Grier, Captain Harbottle, Mr. Temple, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Mr. Tom Moss, Mr. Lane, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Captain Ridout, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Heron.

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Elliott & Son, LIMITED

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Our entree dishes are the best made. There is no soft metal in them and their finish is all that could be desired. They are made of course with lock handles and oblong or oval in shape. Prices run from \$9 to \$15.

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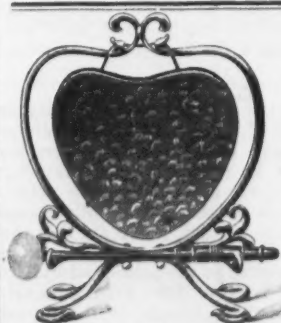
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Fine Linen Double Damask
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Bought at one-third off regular prices
(owing to very trifling imperfec-
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reductions.

Sizes in yards:
2x2 1-2; 2x3; 2x3 1-2
2x2; 2 1-2x2 1-2; 3x3
2 1-2x3; 2 1-2x3 1-2; 2 1-2x4;
2 1-2x4 1-2; 2 1-2x5; 2 1-2x6;
2 1-2x7.

Referring to them our buyer says:
"As these goods are of a very high-
class character, most chaste and ef-
fective in designs, and the damages
practically nil, I have no hesitation
in saying this lot represents the best
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We have marked them so as to give
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Smart
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Stylish
Effect

Our Skirts are tailored to retain
their shape and good appearance until
worn out. We have quite a number
of SPRING STYLES in our show-
rooms already, and cordially invite
your inspection of same.

Ladies' own materials made up.

The Skirt Specialty Co.
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MANY GOOD PROOFS IN MY
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Many ladies are sensitive about hair on their
faces; how about the arms now that Dame
Fashion orders short sleeves? The nice and
planner the arms the worse the down above.
See us about our treatment for the permanent
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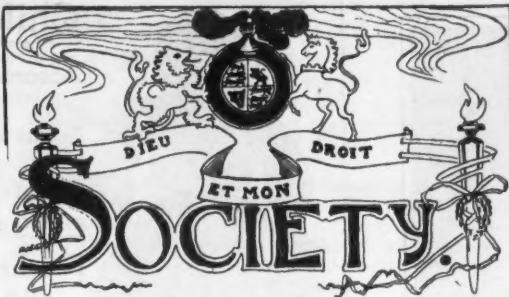
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from the face, neck, hands or arms. We guar-
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Handsome booklet on request. Tel. N. 1666.

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CHURCH POSITION WANTED.

A graduate of the New England
Conservatory of Music, Boston,
(contralto) would accept a church
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Box H 14, "Saturday Night."



RECEPTION DAYS.

Mrs. Charles Boeckh, 244 St. George street—Fridays in
February.

Mrs. L. Goldman, 176 St. George—2 and 3 Fridays.

Mrs. D. W. Livingstone and Mrs. H. W. Caster, 265
Delaware avenue—2nd Tuesday.

Mrs. W. Clifford Rolph, 15 Roxborough—1st Friday.

Mrs. William White, 211 Dupont—1st Tuesday.

Mrs. R. D. Harcourt, 49 Rosedale road—1st and 2nd
Mondays.

Mrs. S. Lyons Cowley, 709 Spadina ave.—1st Tuesday.

HOEVER says thirteen is an unlucky number
has not carefully remarked the way all the
dances, from one to thirteen, went at the very
delightful evening given by Mrs. Mortimer
Clark last Tuesday. There was that number

of waltzes and two-steps, one set of lancers to open
proceedings, and encores, as a matter of course, on the little
white programmes, with their emblazonment in navy blue
of Ontario's coat of arms, and when the last strains of
Good Night, Ladies floated through the big ballroom at one
o'clock, a man said regretfully: "I wish they'd begin all
over again, I'm just ready to enjoy it." But the musicians,
who have had the hardest-worked season yet recorded,
played *God Save the King* in dance measure, and vanished
to their beds, while the beauty and youth and manly vigor
of Toronto cloaked and coated itself unwillingly for home.

If to arise from a meal not quite satisfied is the proper
caper, it seems as if to leave a dance with feet tingling
for more exercise is the rule when the evening has been
unusually jolly. Almost everyone was early at the dance
on Tuesday, and very soon after nine the usual avalanche
of loveliness came surging down the broad stair, to be met
by the usual regiment of expectant partners. Bridegrooms
wrinkled up their foreheads and noses, peering up for the
radiant brides, young brothers signalled to sisters who
carefully ignored them, being elsewhere interested, the
naughty little debutantes scribbled names on their pro-
grammes of partners promised days ago (for there's nothing
slow about the little debutantes), and when they were
pounced upon by what they briefly describe as "old things"
there was not a twinkle in their roguish eyes as they re-
gretted they'd "not one left." Then the doors were
opened from the grand corridor to the reception-room,
where his Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Miss Clark
and Miss Elise awaited the first arrival, with that quiet
cordial hand-clasp of greeting which never loses its value.

Mr. Douglas Young was in attendance on his Honor;
everyone missed the stalwart official secretary, Major Mac-
donald, who is taking a course in Ottawa this month. The
rooms looked very bright and homelike, with fires blazing
in the grates and the cosiest of corners set with the easiest
of chairs. The large upper corridor had plenty of sit-
ting-out room, and some of the dancers found its quiet,
restful corners more attractive than the radiant ballroom
or the beautiful conservatory. Mrs. Clark's boudoir is a
favorite place for a chat between the dances, or a long
tete-a-tete, and the room was always full. Supper was
served at eleven and a buffet of ices and "cup," with tea,
coffee and cake, was going all the evening in the dining-
room as usual. Several people, including Mr. and Mrs.
Hamilton and Mrs. Hay, Miss Hope Morgan, in a charm-
ing rose chiffon gown with gold paillettes, and some others,
arrived late, from the Ben Greet or other performances,
but as there were several more men than partners could
be found for, latecomers were soon snapped up. Among
the married people at the dance were Mr. and Mrs. D. W.
Alexander of Meadowbank, the lady, who grows hand-
somer every day, looking her best in a white gown. Mrs.
Mulock was in cream lace, and her guest, Miss Moncrief,
in pink satin; Mrs. Haydn Horsey, in gold of silver and
black lace over white, and Mrs. Cecil Gibson wore helio-
trope crepe; Mrs. Temple McMurich, the prettiest of the
brides, her white satin bridal robe; Mrs. Oscar Bickford,
a white satin gown, with pretty trimmings of lace and
spangles; Mrs. Tom Delamere was in white lace; Mrs.
Hector Reid, and Mrs. Thistle in white satin. Mrs. Hugh
Macdonald, in black lace and chiffon over white, was
early at the party and stopped until the end, and Miss
Bessie Macdonald, in white lace, came also. Colonel and
Mrs. McLean, the lady in crisp spangled white net over
dull rose silk; Mrs. Thompson, nee Whitney, in white
crepe, and her sister, Miss Nora Whitney, in a most lovely
little frock, entirely covered with frills of narrow Valen-
ciennes lace, and belted with a high satin girdle; Miss
Melvin-Jones, in a brilliant gown of cerise brocade, pan-
nelled over a lovely lace underdress; Miss Gibson of Beams-
ville looked very handsome in pale blue. Miss Helen
Davidson, in blue silk, and Miss Alice Baines, in black
d'arbit and velvet bows; Miss Enid Wornum, in a charm-
ing dress of pale pink Liberty satin, with Vandye flounce
of deep white lace sewn with gold spangles; Miss Heron,
in white crepe; Miss Madge Davidson, in pale blue, and
Miss Kathleen Gordon, in pale pink; Miss Austin, in white
satin sewn with silver spangles, came with her brother;
Miss Florence Sprague wore handsome white lace over
pink silk; Miss Elsie Wilmore was in pale green silk;
Miss Florrie Heward was in pale blue, and Miss Gladys
Edwards in white. Miss Edith Holland looked handsome
in white silk and chiffon; Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, in a very
smart white brocade, brought her guest, Miss Sovereign
of Waterford, a radiant brunette, who is much admired;
Mrs. Bertie Cassels nee Waldie, was in blue silk; Mr.
and Mrs. Arthur Hills, the latter in a becoming grey
gown, pannelled in velvet; Miss Patti Warren, in white, and
Miss Mary Clark, also in white, were two pretty girls who
came out this season; Miss Viva Kerr and her radiant
little sister, Miss Nadine, the Misses Whish, two charming
sisters from Allandale; the Misses Melfort Boulton, Miss
Adele, in a pretty yellow frock; Miss Erie Temple, very
pretty in a blue gown; Mr. and Mrs. Bolte; Miss Houston,
in pink silk; Miss Elsie Grey; Miss Hagarty, in white
silk; Mrs. Nordheimer of Gleneddy; the Misses Gladys
and Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Henderson, Miss Alex-
ander of Bon Accord; Miss Mabel Ross, the Misses Clark-
son Jones, Miss Edith Wright, the Misses Gertrude and
Muriel Brock, the Misses Heaven; Mrs. Machray, in crisp
black gown, some pink roses; Miss Marjory Machray, Miss
Aimee Falconbridge, in mauve, and Miss Dora Rowand,
in white; Miss Ethel Dickson, in white, and Miss Keefer,
in a most artistic gown, the overdress fashioned from an
embroidered and fringed China crepe shawl; Miss Grace
McTavish, Miss Michie; Miss Barrow, in white embroi-
dered chiffon, and her hostess, Miss Ina Matthews; Mr. and
Mrs. W. H. Cawthra; Miss Grace Hemming, in white,
with rose wreath; Miss Nana Wallace, who came with
Miss Coddington from Yeaton Hall; Miss Street, in a pale
blue gown, and her guest, Miss Guthrie of Scotland; Cap-
tain Stewart, a tall, fair young Englishman, and Mr. New-
ton, a brother of the A.D.C. at Rideau; Mr. John Small,
Mr. Lorne Becher, Mr. Stuart Grier, Mr. Peacock, Mr.
Lace, Mr. Cameron, Mr. James Macdonald, Mr. George
Macdonell, Mr. Harry Grubbe, Mr. Frank McLean, Mr.
Cassels, Mr. McIntyre, Mr. McIntosh, Colonel Stinson,
Mr. A.O. Beardmore, Mr. Boulton, Miss Boulton, Mr. Mu-

lock, Mr. Edward Houston, Captain Des Voeux, Colonel
Lessard, Captain Elmsley, Mr. MacMillan, D.S.O., Mr.
Morrison, Mr. Kingsford, Mr. Stanley Thompson, Major
Churchill Cockburn, V.C., Professor Lang, Mr. Allen
Case, Mr. Harlo Fleming, Mr. Fitzgerald, Captain Har-
bottle, Mr. Hamber, Dr. Mackenzie, Dr. Hardy, Mr. Regi-
nald Temple, Dr. McLellan, Captain Ridout, Mr. James
Scott, Dr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Victor Heron, Mr.
Baldwin, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Allen Kerr, Mr. Gzowski, Mr.
Selby Martin, Mr. Henry Martin, Mr. Albert Nordheimer,
Mr. Victor Nordheimer.

His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Coatsworth will hold
a reception this afternoon from four to six o'clock in the
Council Chamber, City Hall.

Miss Swift of Kingston is visiting friends in town.
Miss Eileen Thorne is visiting Miss Wornum. Miss
Fiske of Philadelphia is visiting Mrs. Fiske of 60 Madis-
on avenue. Mrs. Plummer of Barrie is visiting Mrs.
Hugh Calderwood. Mrs. Arthur Murray is visiting her
people in St. George street. Mrs. Wilkes of Brantford is
in town. Mrs. Skeay of Chatham has been for a month
visiting her daughter, Mrs. Percival Scholfield.

Mrs. Tom Delamere received with her mother-in-law,
Mrs. Delamere, in Cecil street, Wednesday, the bride
wearing a pretty dove-grey dress with chemise of
white lace over silk, and looking very nice. A great many relatives and friends called, and congratula-
tion was the order of the hour.

On Wednesday Mrs. Boone of Bloor street east gave
a very elegant luncheon of twelve covers, and her assist-
ant hostess, Mrs. Erb of Winnipeg, seconded her welcome
to each guest. The beautiful mahogany table was parti-
ally covered by a centerpiece of handsome Brussels lace
in the middle of which stood a huge cut-glass bowl of
white lilac and lily of the valley, with some Easter lilies,
a dream of fragrance and grace. Small crystal vases of
lily of the valley stood nearby, on lace mats. The color
scheme of the little feast was white and green and was car-
ried out very cleverly in the menu, finishing with ices in
melon shape. The guests included Mrs. Lennox, Mrs.
Hanna, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. McGay, Mrs. Percy Scholfield,
Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Neville, Mrs. Ferrier, Mrs. Young and
Mrs. Rutter.

On Wednesday Mrs. Fiske gave a very enjoyable
bridge, followed by the usual tea, at which a smart com-
pany was present. The tea-table was particularly pretty,
centered with a twisted silver candelabrum, with daffodils
crowning it, and the clustering candles shaded with pale
yellow azaleas. The silver stand was wreathed with smilax
and the handsome old heirloom was much admired.
Mrs. Fiske gave a second bridge on Thursday.

Mrs. Hugh Calderwood gave bridge parties on Monday
and Tuesday afternoons, at which the prizes included
some artistic bits of china and pictures. At the after-
tea, Miss Jennings and Mrs. Brydon poured coffee and tea and
everyone enjoyed the afternoons very much. Mrs. Plum-
mer of Barrie, the guest in whose honor the parties were
arranged, wore a lovely gown of heliotrope velvet, and was
kept busy greeting her Toronto friends before and after
the game.

The patronesses of the Poudre Ball, to be held in the
King Edward on St. Valentine's Night, are Lady Kirk-
patrick of Closeburn, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Falconbridge,
Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Nordheimer,
Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mrs. Mac-
kenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Alexander,
Mrs. James, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. D. D. Mann,
Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnstone,
Mrs. Schoenberger, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Mrs. C. D.
Warren. This ball is always a picturesque sight, and a
great many are arranging to attend it next Wednesday.

The Argonauts are not going to put their patronesses
through the ordeal of a *quadrille d'honneur*, but will omit
the dance from their programme. The list of the patron-
esses, who have all accepted invitations, was published last
week.

The Cat Show, which will be held in Broadway Hall,
450 Spadina avenue, on February 21, 22 and 23, deserves
encouragement and interest from the public, and a feature
of this year's show will be cats exhibited by children,
for which several prizes have been offered. The manager
of the show is Dr. Bell, 536 Ontario street, and the secre-
tary's address is 14 Brunswick avenue.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra are
giving a large luncheon on St. Valentine's Day, I believe
at the Hunt Club.

A luncheon for Mrs. Tom Delamere, Jr., and a couple
of other recent brides was given on Thursday at Mc-
Conkey's. Mrs. Temple McMurich, Mrs. Percy Myles,
Mrs. Thistle, Countess Ruffine and Madame De Diaz Al-
bertini were the other guests.

The serious illness of Mrs. Goldwin Larratt Smith
caused her friends great anxiety last week. She is,
I hear, doing better now.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, Miss Williams and
Master Donald Mann left for their trip to the Mediter-
ranean last week. Many will miss them, for they are
among the folk who have lots of friends. That particular
regret is felt in certain quarters is no secret to the ob-
servant, but "Time will pass, and meeting follow parting."

Miss Hope Merritt, 14 Grenville street, gave a pleasant
party recently to a number of her friends.

Just seventeen days before Ash Wednesday, and such
a lot to be fitted in!

A merry company dined at the Hunt Club on Saturday
evening, and one of the dinners was given for Lady Allen,
who returned to Montreal early in the week. Mrs. Hector
Mackenzie journeyed home by the same train.

Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison entertained Mr.
and Mrs. Tom Delamere, Jr., at dinner on Thursday
evening.

Mrs. Alfred Rogers received on Wednesday and Thurs-
day at Uplands, her new home in Deer Park, and was the
most charming of chateaines. She wore a mauve chiffon
voile gown, and was assisted by her mother, Mrs.
Warwick of Sunningholm, and her sister, the former in a
handsome black gown, the latter in cream with a large
pink chignon hat. Mrs. Elias Rogers and Mrs. Sham-
brook of Hamilton poured tea and coffee, and the tea-
table was very pretty with decorations of pink roses, white
hyacinths and green shaded candles. Everyone was full
of admiration of the house and its mistress, and wished
her many years of happiness therein.

The real, intrinsic value of a photographic portrait de-
pends upon its likeness to the sitter. If the portrait be
charged with the essence of his or her personality, it be-
comes a speaking likeness. If, in addition, it be rendered with
artistic feeling and the instinct of the painter as well as
the technical skill of the photographer, it becomes a por-
trait in reality and one that grows in value and apprecia-
tion year by year. Attention is directed to some of the
artistic effects that are being introduced into photographic
portraiture at the new Kennedy Studio on King street.

Pure, Healthful, Refreshing

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Codou's French Macaroni

Codou's French Vermicelli

The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it

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formation coif of the
luxurious hair of the
women of Austria and
Bohemia. Arranged
in every shade of
naturalness.

PEMBER'S Hair Emporium
127-129 Yonge St.

A
Valentine
Gift.

Centuries ago began the
custom of interchanging
Valentine Gifts between
friends, lovers, and home-
folk.

And this year—more,
even, than for many seasons
past—the old-time custom
gives evidence of general
observance.

Diamond Hall is issuing
an Illustrated Valentine
Folder, that mentions taste-
ful gifts at 15c and upwards.

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LIMITED.

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Superfluous
Hair

Can be easily removed without the slightest pain,
injury to the skin, or danger of leaving scars by

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Depilatory Paste

The price of a bottle of this preparation is only
50 cents. It is manufactured exclusively by us
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SOAP for shampooing the
hair gives it a beautiful, glossy
appearance, free from all alkali
powder injurious to the hair.

1-2 lb. 35c; 1 lb. 50c.

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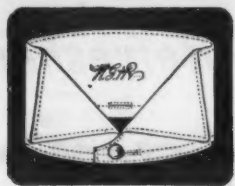
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The Traders' Fire Insurance Company.

The statement for 1905 of the Traders' Fire Insurance Company, which appears on another page of this paper to-day, shows an excellent progress on which the directors and shareholders were able to congratulate themselves. The present extension of the company's business into Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, has led to sound and profitable business. While the average fire loss ratio of companies has been from 50 to 55 per cent. of their net premium income, the Traders' has escaped with a fire loss of about 40 per cent. The company shows a surplus for last year of \$22,055, and an excess of assets over liabilities of \$333,134.



Mr. Wilton Lackaye as Svengali and Miss Jane Oaker as Trilby in the revival of Trilby at the Princess next week.

Social and Personal

Captain Stewart Wilkie, R.C.A., is visiting his father, Mr. D. R. Wilkie. He is now stationed at Quebec.

The news of the engagement of Rev. Egerton Ryerson and Miss Mary Nevitt, daughter of Dr. Nevitt of Bloor street west, was one of the interesting announcements this week. Mr. Ryerson has been home on vacation for some time from his mission in Japan, and has persuaded Miss Nevitt to become Mrs. Ryerson in Easter week, and return with him to the Flowery Kingdom. Needless to say there arises a chorus of mingled congratulation and regret from the hosts of friends of the bride-elect and that all good wishes will follow her to far Japan.

A big tea down town on Saturday and the pleasure offered to habitués of the Strollers' Club by the excellent programme provided by Mrs. Harley Roberts brought unwonted numbers of folk who seldom do King street after two o'clock, into the "city." Miss Foy's tea was a very large one, the list of invitations amounting to over five hundred, I am told, but provision was so carefully made for their reception that one scarcely realized their number. The usual suite was used for receiving, Miss Foy, slight and girlish, gracefully greeting her guests at the door of the Turkish room, and when the tea-rooms beyond became crowded, there were host and hostesses directing late comers to the cafe, where a screened passage led to a huge tea-room at the north end of the room. Everywhere the place was sunny with daffodils, the flowers and foliage being massed without any disturbing color, and everyone admiring the effect. Miss Foy wore a fawn crepe gown with touches of tan velvet. Her sisters were in white gowns, and Mr. and Mrs. James Foy were also busy, with the Attorney-General, looking after all the guests. Miss Mortimer Clark and the Misses Park, the Premier and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Whitney, the Minister of Education and Mrs. Foy, the Speaker, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Lady Thompson, Lady Mulock, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Colonel and Miss Mary Mason, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and Miss Sovereign, Mr. H. and Miss Cassels, Mr. Geary, Mr. Claude Macdonell, Mrs. and Miss Marie Macdonell, Mrs. Lynd, Colonel and Mrs. J. B. McLean, Colonel Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Myles, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Polson, Mrs. Gouinlock, Mr. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mrs. and Miss Machray, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mr. Armour and a great contingent of the young set were among Miss Foy's guests. It was a coincidence of last week that two dances and a formal reception on Friday and Saturday had for their hosts and hostess a widower, a couple of bachelors and a gentle young girl. However, each was ably supported by friends and relatives, who did nobly, and the success of everything was most gratifying.

Friends were disturbed last Saturday by news of the serious illness of Mrs. W. T. Murray of Crescent road, who, however, I hear, is now quite better.

A number of luncheons and bridges have taken up the days this week, and no end of evening engagements have been keeping everyone busy. The Ben Greet plays at Massey Hall have been a revelation to thousands, and in all directions one hears encomiums on "the simple drama ably played," from persons who confess they "came to scoff and remained—to enjoy and applaud. The meretricious stage effects and gorgeous trappings of Irving's Shakespeare plays give place to a simplicity almost meagre and yet more convincing than the most elaborate and lavish stagecraft. To have heard and seen Macbeth as Ben Greet's players presented it was a liberal education, and the same may be said of the entire series of dramas presented.

Miss Rawlings, who was visiting Mrs. Tom Hollway, left for England with her mother on Wednesday by the Teutonic.

Half a dozen luncheons were en train on Thursday, among others one given by Mrs. James Scott in Rosedale, a small dinner by Mrs. Sidney Small, who left this week with Mr. Small for Washington to attend Miss Roosevelt's wedding reception, and a cosy little gathering in the Yellow Room at McConkey's, hastily gotten up for the bride, Mrs. Tom Delamere, who came with her bride-

groom for a brief visit to his people this week. Mr. and Mrs. Delamere have been quietly entertained during their short visit by relatives and friends, and were guests at Government House on Tuesday night. They have gone to Stratford to reside.

The engagement of Mr. J. Ernest Proctor, second son of Mr. J. A. Proctor of Grenville street, and Miss Charlotte Nicholls, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederic Nicholls of The Homewood, is announced.

Among the out-of-town guests at the Government House dance on Tuesday were Mr. Newton, brother of Lord Dundonald, and Captain Stewart. Among the brides and grooms of recent months were Mr. and Mrs. Temple McMurrich, the latter one of the prettiest young matrons in town. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Playfair, the bride very fair and winsome, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bickford, Mrs. Bickford, one of the brightest and most charming of women, Captain and Mrs. Hector Reid, who are having a most pleasant visit with Captain Reid's people, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere, the girlish bride from Winnipeg being greeted with hearty welcomes from her husband's Toronto friends. Miss Sovereign came with Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Moncrief with Mrs. Mulock, Miss Barrow and Miss Coddington with Miss Ina Matthews. These and some others added to the interest of a very jolly dance.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Kilgour have removed from 84 Wellesley street to 578 Jarvis street, where Mrs. Kilgour will receive on Mondays.

Mr. Hamilton L. Gilmour, captain of McGill University Hockey Club, and a very popular Ottawa boy, was in town recently. Mr. Gilmour is an especial favorite with everyone here and in Ottawa and Montreal university, social and athletic circles.

Miss Hobson of Hamilton was in town for a flying visit on Wednesday.

Dr. Clarence W. Field of Milton, a Toronto graduate studying in Edinburgh, has been granted the triple qualification entitling him to L.R.C.P. and L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, and L.F.P. and S., Glasgow. Dr. Field will continue his studies in London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin.

Mrs. Peterson, 318 St. George street, is giving a tea next Tuesday afternoon, February 13.

The French Club of the Berlitz School of languages will meet at 449 Spadina avenue Saturday, February 17th, at eight o'clock. Strangers speaking French are cordially invited.

A Pleasing Growth.

Production in Winnipeg of A. R. Gaul's Cantata, The Ten Virgins—A Good Choir.

There is no better way of advancing the taste of a community than by the cultivation of choral music of the best type. It is particularly interesting, therefore, to all lovers of music to know of the recent production in Winnipeg at St. Augustine's Church of Alfred R. Gaul's fine cantata, *The Ten Virgins*, a work which, by the way, has never had public performance in Toronto. Mr. J. J. Moncrief has forwarded to us the programme, which indicates that tenors are much more plentiful in the Western city than in Toronto. There is scarcely a church choir in this city which can boast of twelve, certainly not a church where the total membership of the choir is under fifty. The press reports of the concert were very flattering and specially kind notices were given to Mr. Glenn Hall, of New York, who sang the tenor solos. Mr. Hall is well-known as one of the most competent tenors in concert and oratorio work, and, moreover, a man of broad musical culture and artistic taste. In view of these facts, his opinion is worthy of special consideration. After the concert in St. Augustine's Church, he wrote as follows to Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's Winnipeg Office: "It gives me great pleasure to express my sincere admiration of the Gourlay piano furnished for my recital last evening. Its full, rich tone was surprising in an upright piano. It was most satisfactory." Mr. Hall's opinion coincides with those of hundreds of other musicians who find the Gourlay leading the van among the pianos of America.

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Soloists:

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Mme. Isabelle Bouton, Contralto;
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Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, Bass; of
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Mr. Henry Bramsen, 'Cello.

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The Financial Page

By the decision of the Montreal Street Railway to construct a second large power-house, of even larger capacity than their present one, the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company has received a body blow. It has been generally concluded that, with the steady development of the Chamby water-power of the latter-named company, and with the addition of the La-machine Company, which they own, and the Shawinigan water-power, which they control within the limits of Montreal island, they had the situation very much in their own hands, and that it was only a matter of time when they would supply the Montreal Street Railway with practically all the power necessary to operate its cars throughout the entire system. It appears, however, that the service which the Power Company has been giving the Montreal Street Railway is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it cannot at all times be depended upon, climatic conditions being such that it fails at intervals and places the Montreal Street Railway in nasty predicaments. This has occurred several times recently, much to the disgust of the Street Railway management; and now it is announced that the M. S. R. has purchased land and is about to construct additional steam power of over ten thousand horse, which means that they will be independent of the Light, Heat and Power Company, with whom they have a 25-year contract to supply power up to ten thousand horse. Just how the new turn of events will affect the contract between the two companies had not as yet been thrashed out, but the inability of the Power Company to give the proper service will likely let the M. S. R. out of any legal tangle.

The Montreal Street Railway plans for future development, as announced by Mr. W. G. Ross, managing director of that corporation, are certainly ambitious. He states that five million dollars should be expended within the next three years on new tracks, power-house, new cars, car-barns, etc., and that the mileage, which is now 130, should be brought up to at least twice that figure. At present Montreal is cramped up into an area of not over half the size of Toronto, and the M. S. R. people very rightly argue that the city must spread, and that they will spread with it, taking in the Montreal Park and Island on the way.

The decision of the Canadian Pacific Railway not to operate its new Empress steamers farther up the St. Lawrence than Quebec until such time as the channel is made sufficiently deep to enable them to do the journey without risk, is looked upon generally as a very sensible conclusion, though at the same time it is going to make the operation of the vessels expensive, with no possibility of their making a profit on either freight or passengers. With the exception of wood pulp and lumber, Quebec district furnished practically no outgoing freight, all of which must do the extra journey of 170 miles from Montreal. This will mean a tremendous expense for the C. P. R., as compared with their rivals, such as the Allans, in the freight and passenger trans-Atlantic trade. However, the C. P. R. can well afford a luxury which would pauperize an ordinary steamship company; indeed, it would be almost safe to say that the C. P. R.'s fleet of Atlantic steamers have not of themselves shown a profit since they were purchased for a good round sum from the Elder, Dempster Company some six years ago. However, they have made excellent feeders for the railway, and have been the means of largely augmenting the through freight business between England and western points in Canada and the United States.

January proved a busy month for Montreal stock-brokers, the business being heavier than for a long time back. The transactions aggregated 100,000 shares of stock and \$1,137,000 bonds, as compared with 61,000 shares and \$368,000 bonds for December. The buying of Steel and Montreal Street appeared to touch the right spot. The Forget firm took up the cause of Dominion Iron and Steel in earnest, and boomed it in every imaginable manner, even to making large-sized bets that the common stock would cross the fifty mark inside the twelve months. Of course, they did not hide their light under a bushel or any other measure as regards the bets; indeed, there is a very grave suspicion that it was all done for pyrotechnic purposes, and therefore much of the effect was lost on the general speculative public, who are inclined to get out quickly, if they get in at all.

A compromise has been made between the Dominion Textile Company and the Montreal Cotton Company, whereby the former will have at least two representatives upon the Board of the latter, and all danger of strong competition is done away with. The efforts of Messrs. David Youle, president of the Dominion Textile Company; Senator Forget, vice-president, and others, to gather the Montreal Cotton Company into the Merger met with little success, owing to the strong appeals through the press of those who were being crowded into a sale without their consent. The Merger people, with unbounded confidence, thought to purchase a majority interest in the Montreal Cotton Company whether or no, and for months it appeared as if they would accomplish their aim. However, the Montreal Cotton people managed to hang on, and the best the Merger did was to accumulate some six thousand shares of Montreal Cotton Company stock, for which they paid a good round sum, buying most of it in the open market at figures well above par. When they accumulated this amount they found themselves up against a stone wall, for the balance

of the stockholders had in the meantime come together and signified their intention of holding on no matter what happened. The sequel was that the Merger people had to rest on their oars, and now they have patched up a truce whereby the Dominion Textile shall be represented on the Montreal Cotton Company's board. This will mean that there will be a division of business and no cutting of prices, so after all the Merger is as well off as if they had managed to gather in their rival. The Montreal Cotton Company's statement which will be out in a few days, the annual meeting being held on the 13th inst., will show excellent earnings, the past six months having been particularly favorable.

The tendency toward real estate investment by Montreal's moneyed men appears to be growing. Such men, for instance, as ex-Mayor R. Wilson-Smith are continually buying up properties here and there, using funds which ordinarily go into the stock and bond market. The sales recorded in December amounted to no less than \$1,938,000, while the entire year was a record one for real estate sales. The total assessed valuation of the city is now \$219,000,000, of which amount, by the way, no less than \$46,000,000 is exempted from taxation. Of the exempted property \$28,000,000 is made up of churches, parsonages, schools, nunneries and other institutions of like character.

The friends of James Ross, multi-millionaire and president of the Dominion Coal Company, are of the opinion that he is practically out of active business. Mr. Ross has leased a large and very handsome yacht, and at present is enjoying life on the Mediterranean with his family and some of his friends. For a long time Mr. Ross' health has not been of the best, and his years of strenuous business activity must, for his body's sake, be brought to a close. Out of Steel, out of M. S. R., out of Dominion Coal, he can well afford to take a long holiday. His interests in the South American stocks are still said to be very heavy, but these are in good hands, and scarcely require his personal attention.

Some irregularity in Canadian Pacific is noted this week. While many operators contend that the price is high enough for a seven per cent. dividend, let alone six, the strength of the stock is surprising. However, it must be remembered that speculation hinges a great deal on possibilities, and it cannot be denied that C. P. R. has a great future. The terminals of the company are becoming more valuable every year, the lands owned have greatly increased in value, and the earning power of the road is probably greater to-day than the most optimistic shareholder a few years ago ever expected. The increase in gross earnings last month was \$1,184,000 greater than for January of last year, and no other line in America shows such an enormous increase in receipts as the C. P. R. did for the six months ended December 31st last. After the payment of working expenses, fixed charges and dividends declared on Monday, there is a surplus for the half-year of \$4,869,876.

The regular dividends on the common and preferred stocks of C. P. R. were declared on Monday for the half-year, viz., 3 and 2 per cent. respectively. Rumors emanating from New York were to the effect that the holders of the common stock would get an increase, and some little disappointment was no doubt felt when the usual 3 per cent. dividend was declared. Owing to the building of new lines and double-tracking, it is believed by many that the company will again increase their capital stock. The talk is that the next new issue will amount to \$20,000,000, which will be issued to shareholders at par. This will be a valuable "right." The stock has been quite freely tipped of late for an advance, but reacted a couple of points after the declaration of the regular dividend.

Bank shares are looked upon as the choicest investments in the market. The rapid development of the country has afforded opportunities which the wide-awake banker turned to account for the benefit of the shareholders. The banking capital of Canada has increased from \$67,000,000 to \$85,294,000 in the past five years, and the reserves have increased from \$34,500,000 to \$59,898,000 during the same period. The note circulation of these banks in December last amounted to \$75,850,000, as compared with \$50,000,000 five years ago. But this 50 per cent. increase in note circulation does not cover all circulation. There is the Government issue of paper notes, amounting to \$49,044,000, but then about \$38,000,000 of these are held by the banks, the law requiring chartered banks to hold 40 per cent. of their reserves in Government notes. Still the amount of these notes in circulation is over \$11,000,000, which, added to a bank note circulation of \$75,850,000, makes a total paper circulation of about \$87,000,000. To get the full amount of money in circulation in Canada, I must add the specie. This will be a guess, but the amount in circulation is probably \$15,000,000. Thus the money in circulation in Canada is over \$100,000,000, or over \$16 for every man, woman and child. The circulating medium is generally accepted as meaning the money carried in the pocket, and probably the Canadian people, with one exception, are better off in this respect than the people of any other country.

Small investors seem to show a preference for bank issues, and many of them are selling at the highest prices on record. The dividends paid by our banks now average the highest in the history of Canadian banking. Ten per cent. per annum paid to shareholders is a common rate, and several of our banks will pay more the present year. Net profits for the year of from 12 to 17 per cent. are shown by many of these institutions, and it is stated that not a few earn 20 per cent. and over. The management, perhaps wisely, do not take the public fully into their confidence in such matters, and reserve something for an off-year.

Toronto Railway is still being advanced, selling on Tuesday at a higher price than Twin City. The record price for Toronto Rails was back in 1902, when it touched 124 1/2. It is now not far from that price. The earnings of the company continue to increase at a steady pace. January earnings were the largest on record, being \$236,129, or an increase of \$39,189 as compared with the same month of 1905. It is hinted that an increase in capital stock is likely.

Richelieu and Ontario has scored an advance of several points during the week, which is due to the forthcoming annual report—an excellent one, said an insider—and the talk of a distribution of profits to shareholders in the spring. It is stated that the new bond issue of \$1,000,000 has been underwritten by Toronto and Montreal capitalists. Par is being predicted for the stock.

Steel and Coal securities are receiving considerable support just now. Dominion Steel common is at the highest price for several years, and prospects for business are most satisfactory. The Dominion Coal Company is doing well, and a return to dividends this year is not unlikely. The output of the mines of this company for

January was 231,420 tons, which is an increase of 33,403 tons over December, and an increase of 70,602 tons as compared with January of last year. One of the most active stocks lately on the Toronto Stock Exchange is Nova Scotia Steel. It has made no decided move, but a lot of stock has changed hands within a narrow range. It is also stated with regard to this issue that dividends will likely be resumed before long. A coal strike in the United States, if prolonged any length of time, would benefit our coal companies in that prices could be advanced easily.

THE "KNOCKER."

THE KNOCKER is the man who goes about with a hammer striking things, says the San Francisco "Bulletin." The hammer is made of unjust judgments, false conclusions, hasty and indiscriminate premises, and a spirit of cynical distrust and criticism. I do not know who was the first knocker. Some one has called Cain the first striker. Perhaps Jacob was the first knocker and Esau the earliest victim. He is mean and does not believe in "a square deal." He will go back on his friend and find fault with his country and his city. He is not a patriot, but a critic a seeker after defects and flaws.

It is easy to find fault because faults are so numerous. It is also dangerous. One stroke of the hammer will smash a priceless marble and no human power can restore the scattered bits. The man with the hammer quickly demolishes the work of the man with the chisel, since it is easier to destroy than to create. Iconoclasm requires but a moment for the work. The knocker is an iconoclast, and may be regarded as an obstacle in the growth and development of any community. He is the enemy of honest service. The spider and the ant enter the hives of busy bees and rob them of their store. Not otherwise do certain human spiders and ants gain access to the store-house of men's labors and deposit their treasures. The knocker is a social, political or domestic vandal.

The injury we do one another by our snap judgment cannot be measured. A false judgment works an eternal harm. We cannot take it back after it has gone into all the world, any more than we can restore the bullet to the gun. Many people are in the business of finding fault. They hunt faults as they hunt ducks. After bagging the limit they return with a consciousness that they have done a pious act. This form of pleasure works havoc to the disposition. Soon the fault-finder grows cynical, and loses his friends. People lose respect for him. The mole that burrows in the soil has never been popular. This habit of scolding the nation, and the age, and the church, and everything, and everybody, is a pernicious habit.

Rip Van Winkle's wife was a common scold and she drove him into the mountains. The scolding tongue has driven many a man into despair. It is better to dwell in the corner of the house top than with a bawling woman in a wide house. "A continual dropping on a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." No one has a right to find fault with another except for a benevolent purpose. A good, honest formation of a judgment may be a very helpful form of friendship, but unjust judgments are perilous. One's opinion should never be freely expressed. Public opinion is full of roses or hammers. We treat others too often on the assumption that we are unlike them. The Publicans and Pharisees are not all dead. While the world is not without its sense of brotherhood, there is still much hatred and animosity. Hate contends with love, bigotry with brotherhood, and doubt with faith. The help extended to men is often offset by the hindrances which are put in the path. Unkindness and injustice belong to the realm of evil of the race, and we have not evolved from our latent and remnant savagery. The unsuccessful cherish a feeling of bitterness towards the successful, and the unfortunate antagonize the fortunate. The duty of justice is not wholly with the strong.

The fact is, we do not know as much of other people as we think we do. We cannot penetrate into the inmost motive nor read the story of the heart. The more one knows of humanity the more charitable will be his judgments. If we only understood, if we could only put ourselves in other people's places, then we would have a juster estimate.

It is natural for this knocker of to-day to speak disparagingly of others. When the clock runs down we make a great fuss, but while it continues to strike twelve we are silently and selfishly satisfied. There is a state of mind which loves the disagreeable. They who live in the atmosphere of the disagreeable grow to be unlovely and disagreeable.

Some use the conscience as an instrument of torture. Many a hypocrite goes about goading his neighbors with what he calls conscience. Usually it is on the side of his narrowest and most selfish interests. The side of weakness. The devil uses this as a club. Behind this so-called conscience is a malevolent spirit. The conscience sets its seal of disapprobation upon the acts of others and the spirit of the man cowers that disapprobation with hypocrisy.

The fault-finder finds a ready market for his wares. They sell like hot cakes. A good price is offered for imperfections. Criticisms bring "good hard cash." The knocker, the kicker, the unjust judge, the malevolent critic finds other evil minds hungry to assist in the vicious trade. I do not condemn just judgments and candid, honest criticisms. I am describing the spirit and the motive of that type of man known as the knocker.

He is against the government and

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THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA. Quarterly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent (1 1/2 p.c.) on the quarter ending 31st January, being at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, on the capital stock of this bank, has been declared, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and at the branches on and after Friday, the 16th day of February next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 15th prox. both days inclusive. By order of the Board, D. M. STEWART, General Manager.

Toronto, 9th January, 1906.

TRADERS' FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

ANNUAL MEETING.

The sixth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Traders' Fire Insurance Company was held at the Head Office of the Company, Thursday, 1st inst., at two p.m.

The President, Mr. Joseph Woodworth, occupied the chair, and the Manager, Mr. W. G. Parker, was appointed Secretary of the Meeting. At the request of the Chairman, the Secretary read the Report of the Directors and the Financial Statement for 1905, which are as follows:—

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The Directors of the TRADERS' FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY beg to present herewith to the Shareholders the Financial Statement of the sixth year of its operations, ended December 31st, 1905.

Your Directors, in presenting this Statement, have great pleasure in referring to the continued growth of the Premium Income of the Company. Last year the gross amount was \$65,221.85; this year, \$135,426.62—a most gratifying increase. Taken as a whole, the rates obtained have been satisfactory.

The fire losses during the past year in our Dominion, and also in the United States, have been very heavy (although there have been no serious conflagrations to chronicle, such as occurred in 1904). Our Company escaped this year with a fire loss of about 40 per cent. of its net Premium Income, and we were enabled to pay every claim in the most prompt manner. The average loss ratio in the United States and Canada for 1905 was, it is estimated, between 50 and 55 per cent.

As intimated by your Directors last year, the Company has enlarged the scope of its operations, and we are now not only writing business freely in our own Province, but also have established Agencies in the Provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, as well as in Newfoundland; and from present indications the business will be profitable.

Your Directors were enabled during the year to increase the interest-bearing securities of the Company, so that they now stand at over \$44,000. Your Directors are pleased to testify to the zeal and care displayed by the Officers, Staff and Agents of the Company.

The term for which the Directors were elected now expires.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. WOODSWORTH, President.

Statement of Accounts for the Year Ended 31st December, 1905:

INCOME.	
By Gross Premiums	\$135,426 62
Less: Cancellations and Re-insurance	35,362 18
Interest on securities owned by the Company	1,233 89
Other income	\$101,298 3-
EXPENDITURE.	
To Fire Claims and Adjustment Expenses	\$ 40,902 67
Salaries, Commissions to Agents, Directors, and Auditors' Fees, Printing, Stationery, and all other expenses	38,340 31
Surplus for year 1905	\$ 22,055 35
ASSETS.	
Uncalled Capital	\$235,650 00
Calls under Collection	12,574 62
Cash in Imperial Bank and at Head Office	24,614 39
Toronto Local Improvement Debentures (3 1/2 p.c.)	24,152 50
Central Canada Loan & Savings Company Debentures (4 per cent.)	7,500 00
Province of Quebec Bonds (4 per cent. and 5 per cent.)	10,220 00
Imperial Loan and Investment Company Debentures (4 1/4 p.c.)	2,500 00
Outstanding Premiums	16,505 29
Good's Plans, Office Furniture, Fixtures, etc.	4,980 01
Other Items	4,892 25
DEDUCT.	
Fire Claims Unadjusted (Estimate)	\$ 7,000 00
All other Liabilities	3,455 00
Excess of Assets over Liabilities	\$333,134 06

Toronto, Ont., 15th January, 1906.

WM. H. CROSS, HENRY MACLEAN, Auditors.

The following were elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Joseph Woodworth, S. R. Wickett, A. Ansley, Joseph Tait, W. A. Rutherford, J. B. Harris, A. H. Baker and W. G. Parker. At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors, Mr. Joseph Woodworth was elected President, Mr. S. R. Wickett Vice-President and Mr. W. G. Parker, Managing Director.

finds fault with the onward march of civilization. He has little respect for things as they are, and delights in speaking evil of his city, his State and his country. He does not see the soul of things and is a poor philosopher.

He is a knocker, and oftentimes kicks his best friends. He sees nothing in life that is worth while. It is his pleasure to give the world a bad name. Men unconsciously drift into this atmosphere of uncharitableness and dishonor. They reap for themselves a harvest of cynicism and unfaith, for the knocker has little faith in himself or any of his fellows. He loves slander more than appreciation. Clean, pure air is not in harmony with his being. Like a hog, he grunts.

This is a very good sort of a world. It is richly furnished with forces and laws. It is a beautiful world. People are not perfect. Governments, institutions and commerce are not perfect. On the contrary, they are very imperfect. Now, the duty of a man is to jump in and help. Stop hindering! Get out of the way! If you haven't anything good to say of people, say nothing. If you criticize, make your criticism count for good. Men who are running around with stumbling blocks—it were better for them that a millstone were hanged about their necks and that they were drowned in the depths of the sea. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!"

The fact is, we injure one another by our caustic comments, by our selfishness and envy, and by our power to hurt and hinder. The man who turns upon his own city or his

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native land and simply kicks like a mule without doing something to make things better is not a good citizen, and a very poor specimen of a man. A mule is more useful when he pulls than when he kicks. In this respect a man is like unto a mule.

"Was your wife angry when you got home so late last night?" "Angry? Why, my boy, the dear woman pelted me with flowers!" "But how did you get that black eye?" "Well, you see, she neglected to take the flowers out of the pots before she threw them."—Cleveland "Leader."

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Receives Deposits and Pays Interest at

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Per annum, compounded twice each year. Absolute safety is assured by Paid-up Capital, \$5,000,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$2,000,000.00 Investments, \$5,000,000.00

NOT A PURGATIVE— A GENTLE LAXATIVE.

The Famous Water of Hungary.

Hunyadi Janos acts gently, naturally. That is where it differs from drugs. Why should anyone weaken the system with powerful cathartics, when they can completely cure Constipation with water? Not ordinary water, of course—but Hunyadi Janos water. This famous health-giving water comes to you, just as the spring in Hungary yields it. Nothing is added—nothing taken away. You take it just as Nature creates it—and just as she intends it should be taken. Hunyadi Janos is the one safe cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Stomach Troubles and Headaches. There is no danger of acquiring the drug habit.

All druggists sell it. Try a small bottle, it costs but a trifle.

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Finest quality!
Sold in bottles!
The selected grapes
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Preferred by connoisseurs for over 100 years.

CLEAR!
No sediment!
Perfect in bottling.

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is essentially the perfect clothing for the human body. In every phase of life and under every condition of climate it preserves the natural heat of the body keeping it in a high state of health. A fine protection against colds and chills. Wear it for health and comfort.

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Before leaving for California remember to get California literature, folders and time-tables from Southern Pacific Agents. Your choice of three routes—go one way and return another—fast limited trains and

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Lady Gay's Column

HAVE often been thankful that in childhood days I made acquaintance with an astronomer. It was not what you're thinking of, a wise old greybeard with his eye glued to a telescope; my astronomer was a gentle lady, isolated from her sort by circumstances which she accepted for love's sake, passing her days in the busy routine of the farmer's wife, and sometimes spending a couple of hours in the evening, with an opera-glass, looking out her friends among the glittering hosts on high. She taught me the wondrous fascination which lies in the contemplation of those glorious remote and exquisite things about which we sometimes wonder and theorize and speculate, but which are ever distant in their brilliancy and beauty, ever sitting on thrones before which the watching soul is fain to bow almost in worship. It is in my heart sometimes to cry out to some extra lonely one, and only the shadow of some big policeman keeps me from standing in the King's highway these winter nights to watch Orion stride across the zenith, or to pick out the twinkling, dear little Pleiades as they cuddle together like a diamond breast-pin for the mantle of Jove. I can distinctly hear the gentle voice of the farmeress as she tells me the story of the White Crow, "Corvus," and shows me the four stars that tip his beak, tail and outspread pinions, and how the tale-bearing (I nearly said "tail") he indulged in on Olympus resulted in his being changed to his present sable hue. And the graceful "Lady in the Chair," Cassiopeia, with her story, and pretty Cygnus and Corona, and those glorious summer constellations, Sagittarius and Scorpio, the serpent ever writhing away from the archer, and the archer ever drawing his bow taut, with his arrow pointing direct at the red heart of the serpent. Everyone knows the Great Bear, some know the little one, a few can pick out the Sickle and the Twins and the Warrior and the Scales, but I rarely come across anyone who takes the least interest in the glorious things. Here and there, aboard ship, where one wants an excuse to stop late on deck, or at some summer resort, when it is too hot for anything indoors, one meets people ready to take a passing interest in the stars. They acquiesce politely in the fact of their beauty, and straightway talk of something else. It is seldom one discovers unity of impulse to be silent under the majesty and loveliness of these mysterious and compelling children of the night, to wait for the curious uplifting and inspiration which follows their contemplation, and the passion of admiration, longing, and assurance of great things yet to be known which shakes one like the wind in the palm tree. Rubbish! you say, returning to your little round. And while you say it, I am more and more glad that in care-free, receptive, leisure days, kind fate sent me near the gentle astronomer.

"What is culture, anyway?" asks an abrupt correspondent in a letter this day opened. "Can one achieve it after maturity?" One can do much, if one can keep the receptive and amenable attitude of the child mind, but culture, real culture, begins when one is born. Just as the ground must be specially prepared for choice growths, so must the mind that sways one's forming entity be specially just and alert and apt and well-stored. One's very earliest surroundings and impressions are the continuance of culture, bringing forth grapes or thistles in the mind, as they are sweet and seemly or coarse and lowering. There is no culture for the young like nature-love, the ways of the trees and flowers, the birds and the stars, the rippling streams and the surging oceans. And there must always be love, the tenderness that falls upon the young soul like dew, drawing forth sweet fragrance, and washing sordid thoughts away like the day's dust. Great thoughts come naturally when the child mind is not warped by mistaken training or wilful neglect. The big thoughts in the Bible, the wisdom of secular minds, the winning majesty of poetry, all these things should be set before the growing intellect and let do their work of culture. One of the most remarkable setbacks to the honored belief that a parent should know every thought of the child came in my way lately. A little one, thoughtful and studious, but too reticent to please his mother, confided in me thus: "Some things I tell you, some things I tell mother. Lots of things just God and me know about." I never felt a more thorough respect for anyone than for that little child. It isn't at all likely that child will make a child prodigy if he or she takes to it naturally, but the merest suspicion in the child mind of plan or purpose is fatal. I sometimes tremble for the chances of any culture for the little machine-made scholar in the Public school. The very system is against it. Then there is that subtle culture which comes from intimacy with gentle and refined companions. Do you realize the difference between the effect of telling a youngster to "close" the door or to "shut" it? The first word suggests a consideration, gentleness, the last abrupt, quick action. I can remember, after half a century, being recalled thus: "I said close the door, my dear," when eager to oblige I had pranced across a room and slammed that barrier vigorously. And the lesson of that shame-faced reopening and careful, noiseless re-latching has never left my memory. Every moral lesson, however taught, is culture; every self-denial, whatsoever practiced, is culture; every grand victory over the world, flesh or devil, alias self, is the crowning culture. Languages, arts, books, travel help culture; good humor, humanitarianism, charity of thought and word and deed are part of culture. Let one



THE EXPERT STRAP-HANGER.

Voice from above—Don't leave go, Jimmy, whatever you do.
Jimmy—That's all right old man. I travel between Parkdale and Yonge Street twice a day.
Adapted from the "Tatler."

therefore, who asks as my correspondent does, "Can one attain it after maturity?" realize that one may still go on improving it through eternity. The "perfectly cultured" person, whom one hears thus glibly labelled may be a book-worm, a literateur, a perfect Chesterfield in manner, and yet lack a vital part of completion. It is the fashion to sneer at culture, to spell it with a drawl and an affectation, but really it is merely the expression and the expansion of the good that is in us, by every means at our disposal, and the realization of the ideal life and its purpose.

Here are some of the little wrecks of child life which you may have met. "My little girl won't be put off with dresses made at home. She isn't happy unless she thinks they come from —. So I just have the sewing-girl come and measure her, and bring her things home with my old tags sewn on the bands, and she thinks she's as big a swell as I am." "No, I can't go to the theater, unless it's a matinee, for if she thought I'd go without her, I'd have a scene with Dollie. But just ask me for dinner, and I'll meet you at the theater at eight. We can dine at the hotel, and John can go to the club." "What can I do about Eddie?" He has his cigars, and he wears all my best neckties, and by Jove! sir, he spends more money over the bar than I do." And last of these actual utterances. "Well, I'll go, but don't tell mother we even know about it. The dear old frump would be sure to forbid me. She's just hopelessly antique!" This was from a beautiful, precocious and well-born girl of fourteen, in answer to an invitation to a supper, given a short distance out of town by a trio of young students to a couple of her schoolgirl chums. I don't know which I felt most sorry for, the clothes-mad brat, with her mother's smart modiste's labels on her frock-bands, the fretful cry-baby whose parents had to lie and scheme to get an evening off; the precocious boy, whose father couldn't even call his clothes his own, or the beautiful, wilful, reckless girl who held her mother up to ridicule. Little wrecks of child life, that time meant to be so golden fair, that time of the waxlike mind, the fresh ideal! Saints and angels! how we drift from the shore! LADY GAY.

Heroes.

Deficiency in heroism is something in which we are unable to believe. Mr. Carnegie's fund for labeling the heroic never struck us as a felicitous conception, and the failure, therefore, of his committee to uncover a first-class heroic act in the year 1905 leaves us still with an abiding faith that heroism thrives every day without notoriety or award of medals. Of course, there are special conditions attached to the Carnegie fund, the special hero, among other things, needing to exhibit courage at "great personal risk of life." Perhaps the risk of life is not the only proof of bravery, but, even if it were, such risks are taken daily by nurses, doctors, mothers, and many another in ways that lie beyond the reach of decorating committees. It may be questioned whether this collection of gentlemen, put together for the purpose of passing officially on the degree of courage in certain conspicuous proceedings, is engaged in a work of any profound benefit to the race. "Collier's."

A Scotchman's Answer.

On board one of the Scotch steamers, which have to be built with exceeding light draft to get over the frequent shallows of one of the rivers in Scotland, a Yankee tourist remarked to the captain, a shrewd old Scotchman: "I guess, skipper, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow when there has been a heavy fall of dew." "That's so," replied the captain, "though occasionally we ha'e tae send a man ahead wi' a watering-can."

None to Take His Place.

A traveler was once passing on horseback through a backwoods region where the inhabitants were notoriously shiftless. Arriving at a dilapidated shanty at the noon hour, he inquired what were the prospects for getting dinner.

The head of the family, who had been absorbed in "resting" on a log in front of his dwelling, replied that he "guessed ma'd hev suthin' onto the table putty soon."

Thus encouraged, the traveler dismounted. But, to his chagrin, he found the food to be such that he could not force himself to partake of it. Making such excuses as he could for lack of appetite, he happily bethought himself of a kind of nourishment that he might venture to take there, and one sure to be found on a farm. He asked for some milk.

"We don't hev milk any more," drawled the head of the house. "The dog's dead—died week afore last."

"The dog!" cried the traveler. "But what has that got to do with it?" "Well," explained the host, meditatively, "the critters don't seem ter know 'nough ter c'm up ter be milked themselves. The dog, he used ter go 'n fetch 'em up."—"Youth's Companion."

A £6,000 Bed!

Mademoiselle Sorel, the brilliant and popular French actress, who is a member of that wonderful theatrical society and cast known as the Comedie Francaise, is the proud possessor of one of the most beautiful, as well as perhaps the most costly, bed in the world. Paris society has gone quite crazy over what Dickens was, we think, the first to describe as "objects of bigotry and virtue." Old chateaux are ransacked for furniture treasures, and as Frenchwomen often use their bedchambers as sitting-rooms, receiving their friends and even acquaintances to afternoon tea there, beautiful and costly couches, especially those dating from the days of the sumptuous Italian and French Renaissance, attain quite fancy prices, especially when they happen to be, like that specimen which belongs to Mademoiselle Sorel, in a perfect state of preservation. Needless to say, everything concerning this £6,000 couch is in keeping: the curtains are of the most exquisite old brocade, the coverlet is of real lace, and every article of furniture in the room is unique of its kind.

IN MATCHTOWN

Fortunately no Faith Was Required, for She Had None.

"I had no faith whatever, but on the advice of a hale hearty old gentleman who spoke from experience, I began to use Grape-Nuts about two years ago," writes an Ohio woman living in Barton, who says she is 40, is known to be fair, and admits that she is growing plump on the new diet. "I shall not try to tell you how I suffered for years from a deranged stomach that rejected almost all sorts of food, and assimilated what little was forced upon it only at the cost of great distress and pain. I was treated by many different doctors and they gave me many different medicines, and I even spent seven years in exile from my home, thinking change of scene might do me good. You may judge of the gravity of my condition when I tell you I was sometimes compelled to use morphine for weeks at a time. "For two years I have eaten Grape-Nuts food at least twice a day and I can now say that I have perfect health. I have taken no medicine in all that time—Grape-Nuts has done it all. I can eat absolutely anything I wish, without stomach distress. I am a business woman and can walk my two or three miles a day and feel better for doing so. I have to use brains in my work, and it is remarkable how quick, alert and tireless my mental powers have become." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

CONNOISSEURS PREFER "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea, Gold Label, at 60c.

per lb., because of its superior quality. For sale by all first-class grocers.

Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

My mother says that "GRANBY RUBBERS are just the thing for girls, they are so smart and dainty, and so strong too."

GRANBY RUBBERS

have always been known for their good honest wearing quality.

Say GRANBY to your dealer.

GRANBY RUBBERS "WEAR LIKE IRON"

A SCOTTISH ECHO.

The late Sims Reeves was fond of telling a story relating to an early engagement in Glasgow which was arranged through a metropolitan agency. One of the items on the programme was "Hail! Smiling Morn" and Mr. Reeves was put down for the solo portion. The chorus consists of an echo, and the London agent assured the soloist that a satisfactory choir had been engaged.

The whole matter was settled hurriedly. Mr. Reeves was at first inclined to accept, as other engagements prevented him reaching Glasgow in time for a rehearsal with the choir.

"Don't worry about that, my dear sir," said the agent. "You will find the choir perfect."

The concert was a success, and in due course "Hail! Smiling Morn" was called for. When the soloist came to the lines requiring an echo, he delivered them in his best manner: "At whose bright presence darkness flies away." Imagine his horror when the echo repeated his words in the broadest Scotch:

"Flees awa'; flees awa'!" Yet Sims Reeves avers that not a person in the audience smiled or appeared to see anything incongruous. When he talked over the matter with a bailie after the concert, the good man assured him:

"That's just nothing at all. You were a little wrang in your pronunciation, and the echo was correct. You see, it was Scottish echo."—London "Tit-Bits."

Male Servitude.

To hear some people talk one would think that every woman's husband was a Cabinet Minister. "Men," they say, "go out to sway the scepter and to rule, while women sit at home." Men, as a matter of fact, go out to be shouted at and ordered about like niggers all day. The ordinary man is not a pirate captain, nor a Prime Minister, nor the head man in an American trust, but merely the servant of a business.

Canadian Alpine Club.

The movement toward a Canadian Alpine Club, to exploit the mountains of Canada, deserves attention from every patriotic citizen. It is proposed for the present to affiliate with the American Alpine Club, which has done so much to make the Canadian Mountains known to the world, and has a splendid record for valuable discoveries regarding the glacier phenomena, as well as a large number of record ascents of many of the most notable peaks. It is to be regretted that so little is known of the glorious mountains of Canada, which for scenery are the envy of the world, but to the shame of Canadians, he said, that the region explored is small as compared with that which is unknown, or as yet barely touched. Therefore, there is ample work for Canadians to tell the world of the snow clad peaks, shining glaciers, boundless forests and rushing mountain torrents, found in our enchanted land of crags and canyons. A hunter discovered recently, a short distance from the great transcontinental railway, caves which have proved to be marvellously wonderful and beautiful. What other interesting features are hidden in our mountains remains for the Canadian Alpine Club to discover. Then let there be no uncertain reply to the Challenge of the Mountains, and may there be many who will answer the call for the formation of a Canadian Club, now being made by Arthur C. Wheeler, F.R.G.S., Banff, Alberta.



READY LUNCH BEEF

Open the tin, turn out, and you have a most nourishing and wholesome dish which retains all the virtues of Prime Roast Beef.

Clark's name guarantees the quality.

W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those claiming to be Osteopaths who hold Correspondence diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

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HERBERT C. JAQUITH,
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J. S. BACK,
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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Tossing for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, cures the colic, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle

"De Miraclo"

a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, x-ray and depilatories. These are offered you by the BARR-WARD Co. of the operators and manufacturers of "De Miraclo" is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. For \$1.00 by De Miraclo Chemical Co., 189 Park Ave. New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class drug stores, department stores and

The Robert Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Man in the Valley

BY SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

It had been no accident, then; she had felt quite sure that it was not. She opened the letter crumpled in her hand and read it again. It was brief. It said only that the man who was not a stranger to her, although the tie that bound them was no more than a handful of dead violets, found it impossible to forget her loneliness. And the hunger in her eyes as they rested on the mountains, the letter said, had turned the hills he loved into a prison wall that shut her in from the life beyond them.

A soft little color mounted to the very roots of Mary Carleton's hair; a curious little exultation thrilled her. She had been so alone. All her life down to the very day the gray-eyed city doctor had tapped her chest and explored and listened as he talked to her, saying by way of preparation that the condition was an old pneumonic one, she had been alone.

"It isn't that yet," he had said kindly. "I want to get you away before it is that. Five thousand feet up. I know the very place. A college mate of mine has the hospital, and it's on the shoulder of a big rugged mountain down South. You'll feel like a fighting cock after a few weeks of that air blowing through you. They, the natives, call it God's country, and it is."

"But, doctor," she had said, when the meaning of what it meant to her to give up had beaten in on her dazed brain, "I can't go! Life is just coming to mean something. I've been climbing stairs of sand all along, struggling and starving but climbing, and now—now that they are turning into marble—I'd eat my heart out to get back. I," she had implored, "can't go!"

For a long moment there had been silence, then, as if from a distance, the doctor's voice had swayed to her, saying: "It's too late to stay. You must go at once—to-morrow."

A little smile touched Mary Carleton's crimson lips and traveled on to her shadowed eyes. It almost seemed that in her need she had found a friend; it almost seemed that she had called and he had answered.

The morning he had dropped down beside her, as she sat aloof from the hospital inmates in her special corner of the portico, he was awaiting directions for his day's tramp. She had suddenly felt herself a ghost chained to a walking couch but with strength still left to creep into the sunshine and watch the passing of this vivid, eager, sun-browned, young woodsman. His eyes had paid an irresistible tribute to the wistful glance from her eyes, and when he left, the violets that he held in his hand as he waited, toying with them idly, lay on the chair beside her. Vaguely moved and feeling that something in each had crossed the bar of sunlight that lay on the floor between them and touched in greeting, she had lifted the frail woodland violets and pinned them on her gown.

Impelled by he hardly knew what impulse, the doctor of the mountain-top hospital moved to Miss Carleton's side. He had been watching her as she read the letter. For a month he had been watching her. Women were not much in his line—he hated the symptoms they poured over him and fled from them, and their loquacity—but the silence of this woman who asked no questions, but sat day after day, her listless hands folded, her listless eyes on the shining ranges that lost themselves in the sky, irritated him.

"Don't we look like lizards as we sun and sun and try to slip out of our old, unhappy skins?" she asked. She made a little gesture that took in the cots and invalid chairs on the long stretch of porch. She couldn't have explained her sudden graciousness, but the curious little thrill was still warm at her heart.

"Like lizards," the doctor spoke vaguely. He searched his suddenly unfurnished brain to see if anything conversational that had to do with lizards was lying around, and finding nothing, he gasped and choked like a candle about to go out. Save in a professional way, women were decidedly not in the doctor's line.

Miss Carleton laughed—a low little laugh of amusement.

The doctor looked at her dumbly. He hadn't heard her laugh before, and he wanted to say that he had been feeling old; that the gray hairs thickening in his dark thatch had depressed him vaguely, but that it was all a mistake; that he was deliriously young, bubbling with youth and buoyancy since—a moment before when she had laughed.

What he did say was: "You don't like this Eagle Nest hospital?"

"But I do," she declared, almost gaily. "It spreads out its wings to us like a loving hen-mother. 'Come under,' it says, 'and be sheltered a while, you poor, panting little chicks. This is just a landing on the great big stairway that leads to heaven, it's just put here for your convenience, for all of you are precious.' With a little mischievous glance over her shoulder, she had risen and was gone. "Violets," the doctor said maybe two weeks later. "Aren't they coming pretty often? The women here say you get them every day. I'm glad they're interested in your affairs—anything is better for them than bending over those eternal waists they embroider."

"To wear in heaven," Miss Carleton flung in saucily.

"And it relieves me from talking cough to them—I get mighty tired of talking cough. I'd rather hear about letters that come every day; rather small violets."

But Miss Carleton was gone. "You're laughing," she complained to the violets, having reached the safety of her own room. "I never meant to do it. I didn't care, really I didn't, if the valley brimmed over with men who wanted to make me less lonely. But I couldn't resist you. I had to write a wee note when you came—and then—You may put your naughty faces together and laugh if you like. You may lift your noses in perfumed

scorn, little sisters. But you know. You lash and toss and strain when your big storm-lover comes along. You're wild to sweep out on the mighty roaring diapason with him. And when he's gone you wring your hands in tortured longing. Violets have woman hearts. If one forceful enough should come along and catch one up into a very splendor of romance, little sisters—"

She broke off to bury her face in the violets.

"It's just that I'm lonely," she whispered. "It's unbearable, the loneliness—since I no longer have my work. I wonder?"

But she shook the thoughts from her fiercely—the strange new thoughts that thrilled her through and through. How it would seem to be loved; how it would feel to await one's coming; what he would say, and whether she could let herself be gathered up for a full moment of happiness.

June came and drifted away; July was ushered in; the summer rested on the mountain-top like a full tide that has no ebb, and, as day followed day, wheeling on, more than one mountain-top dweller saw the change in Miss Carleton.

"How strong she is growing; how beautiful!" they would say as she passed. And it was true. Under the influence of the letters that were laid at her plate morning after morning, from a man whose very name was unknown to her, for he signed himself simply, "The Man in the Valley"; under the kindness that was wrapped about her in folds of velvet, her nature was sweetening, seeding at its core for larger, dearer life. Before she was aware of it he had become the central point of her consciousness and she was simply living from letter to letter. She was reckoning time by them; breaking into song as she moved about the house; smiling when no one might see; living the unseen life of her dreams as the days rounded in delicious sequence through fragrant dawns and quiet noons to the wonderful nights that held big moons.

"Did you ever write letters to a woman you idealized, Dr. Herbert?" Miss Carleton, sitting in her special corner of the portico looking out over leagues of space to the mountain-tops luminous with the prospect of a coming moon, put the question to the hospital doctor who was not far away—he was never far away when Miss Carleton sat in her special corner.

"In my Lochinvar days," the doctor said.

"And did something come between you? And did it hurt so? Is that why you left a big city practice and came five thousand feet up to minister to ugly coughs?"

"No," said the doctor gravely. "I had a better reason. Isn't making you well and sending you back reason enough for my being here?"

"Sending me back?" in sudden terror. "But I'm not going! I ate my heart out to go back when I came, but now—now—I was trying to build a stairway of marble, doctor. But marble stairways are such cold, dumb things. One gets so lonely, so tired out. I had to come here."

"In time. It's worth everything to me, comrade. I've got no regrets for the life I left back there."

"No memories?"

"The memories will be here—a palace full of memories," softly.

"I don't understand," Miss Carleton spoke wonderingly.

"No," said the doctor gently; "you don't understand."

When the silence grew heavy between them the doctor spoke again. "I once knew a chap who wrote letters to a woman—a white slip of a woman whom he didn't idealize," he said. "He didn't know he loved her at first. The whole sweep of his life was away from women. But this girl was so lonely, so pathetic, somehow, that he found himself writing these letters to her almost before he knew it. He had an idea, a theory—he was a great chap for theories—and he kept himself in the background. He asked nothing of the girl. He—"

"But love asks everything," breathlessly.

"He was not thinking of himself—he put himself out of the question. It was of her that he thought. He could hope for nothing; he had left his youth behind him. But she was a flower without the sunshine. He said to himself that if he gave her what her life lacked—courage, confidence, intimacy—she would be as ready for the love that would surely come to her—as a flower is ready to open under the heat of the sun."

"And he blundered!" she cried. "Suppose the woman had never had a lover; suppose the sweep of her life had been away from men, that she had been so busy that she had never thought of one until she got those letters. Suppose that her heart was as tight shut when the first one came to her as the hard little laurel bud was in the spring—that under their influence, as they came day by day, it stirred as the laurel bud did under the sun's warmth, until it burst into wide flower, like the crimson laurel out there now."

The doctor moved restlessly, but the woman went on, unheeding.

"Suppose she had never had any girlish weaknesses, but had kept at her self-appointed task with stern, ungrudging doggedness to dream now suddenly, in spite of herself, of that face that would be just a table-length away; to think of what it would mean to share his intimate, everyday life."

"Child!" The doctor spoke sharply.

"Suppose through the whole long wonderful summer time she had reared her Joy Castle, at first afraid it would vanish like the bubbles she had blown in childhood, until she had come to believe in the writer of those letters with the same terrible, childlike faith she gave to her God."

"Child, child," the doctor implored her.

"Suppose she waked sometimes in the night to find a storm gathering and pounding and crashing like the breakers from an unseen sea and



CROQUET AT BLACKTOWN.
Professor Carom Bootjap, with his troupe of trained chickens, gives an exhibition of scientific croquet.

stared into what the lightning's flash showed her to be the vagueness of space, and dropped back to sleep again unafraid—like a cradled child—since the storm voices shouted of him. Suppose, storm or sunshine, he was in the air she breathed. Don't you see he blundered, that man who meant to be nothing to her? No other could come into her Joy Castle. With another its walls would fall in and crush her."

With a little unsteady laugh Miss Carleton got to her feet. "How that big moon stares," she said. "Wouldn't you like to climb on its chin and sail to your Heart's Desire? Haven't you a land of Heart's Desire, doctor?" She leaned and looked deep into the moon-filled, sleeping valley as she spoke.

The doctor tried to answer. He drew back into the shadows as she said good night. He had seen again her soul, and the sight had shaken him.

Stepping lightly across the big gold blotches of sunlight on the wildwood path that led down the mountain-side, Miss Carleton broke into a snatch of song. Now and again she stopped, listening. At every turn her eyes swept the forest path for the little young figure that she had seen but once. At the sound of approaching footsteps her heart leaped up to almost stifle her with its swift beatings. "Be a good little heart," she implored.

It was the doctor who swung around the curve and faced her. "Why," he cried joyously, "how good of you!"

A man would have been blind not to have seen that the color rippling her face like a rose in a breeze died out at his words. He would have been blind not to have seen that the light went from her eyes. The doctor was not blind.

"Come," he said gently, and in silence they climbed to the hospital.

Not many days later a fairy-tale happening came to Mary Carleton in the shape of a telegram that told her of the death of an old great-uncle and the arrival of a fortune, all in a breath.

The doctor came back from the valley settlement, where he had been visiting a patient, to hear the story and slip away from everybody. In the quiet of his den, with the little fire on the hearth fighting the growing dusk, he tried to realize what life would be with the glory gone out of it. A log broke and fell, shattering his reverie. The fire leaped, and she came swiftly down the room to drop into a chair beside him and nestle there as if she meant to stay indefinitely.

"She's done it at last," she said cheerfully.

"Done what?" the doctor asked.

OVER SEA HABIT

Difference on this Side the Water.

The persistent effect upon the heart of caffeine in coffee cannot but result in the gravest conditions, in time. Each attack of the drug (and that means each cup of coffee) weakens the organ a little more, and the end is almost a matter of mathematical demonstration. A lady writes from a Western State:

"I am of German descent and it was natural that I should learn at a very early age to drink coffee. Until I was 23 years old I drank scarcely anything else at my meals."

"A few years ago I began to be affected by a steadily increasing nervousness, which eventually developed into a distressing heart trouble that made me very weak and miserable. Then, some three years ago, was added asthma in its worst form. My sufferings from these things can be better imagined than described."

"During all this time my husband realized more fully than I did that coffee was injurious to me, and made every effort to make me stop."

"Finally it was decided a few months ago, to quite the use of coffee absolutely, and to adopt Postum Food Coffee as our hot table drink. I had but little idea that it would help me, but consented to try it to please my husband. I prepared it very carefully, exactly according to directions, and was delighted with its delicious flavor and refreshing qualities."

"Just so soon as the poison from the coffee had time to get out of my system the nutritive properties of the Postum began to build me up, and I am now fully recovered from all my nervousness, heart trouble and asthma. I gladly acknowledge that now, for the first time in years, I enjoy perfect health, and that I owe it all to Postum. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

"There's a reason. Read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in packages. Postum Food Coffee contains no drugs of any description whatsoever."

stupidly.

"Don't you ever mean to grow up?" The doctor's lips twitched in a way that would have gone straight to a woman's heart if she had loved him.

"I'm grown up," contentedly. "I'm—"

"And I'm not less than fifteen more," miserably.

"Are you?" politely. "I could never do arithmetic." The laughing shaft of her dark eyes struck straight into the middle of a heart that wasn't again, and the blood that wasn't jaded, although the doctor had tried so hard to think so, pounded and leaped, hot and strong.

"A yacht headed up the Mediterranean sounds more in keeping than a honey-moon dangling from the moon's chin. Don't you think so? Can't you feel the flutter of the white satin ribbons on the mast as the Mediterranean breezes blow through them?" Her soft little laugh rang golden with joy.

But the doctor caught her hand in a grasp that hurt her.

"I've been a brute," he cried. "I saw that fellow leave the violets there, and it came to me to try the experiment. I believed to interest you in anything, anybody, was to save you. There was no other way to woo you. I relate to life. I saw no other way. Child, child, I never meant to hurt you! That first little letter—heartbroken that you'd had to let go and come away from your work—touched me. You know the rest. I've tried to tell you—a hundred times. And that day down in the woods when you met me instead of the man you hoped to meet I tried again. But I could not do it. As it was I felt that I had struck you—had struck a little, trusting child."

He flung out his hands in tortured helplessness. "Say something! Comfort me—if comfort is left in the world!"

But there was silence in the room the twilight had claimed.

The doctor's head went down. He had a new strange sense of utter desolation. He had walked into that little white sacred room of her soul, the room that was all glitter and shine and perfume, wearing his loud creaking boots, and had suddenly blown out all the candles burning there.

"Don't you understand yet? There's no man in the valley. There never was. I wrote those letters. I sent those violets. To save your very life."

The shadows swayed. The doctor had an odd sense of swaying with them. He wanted her to cry out—to relieve the strain—and she sat still—so still—hushing the cry of the aching thing that he in his blindness had thrust on her.

The doctor looked up, dazed. A low little laugh had shattered the room's tense stillness and rippled over him.

"There's no man in the valley," he said dully. "There never was."

"But," her voice, very small and shamed, and golden with content, whispered, as she came close, close, till the marvellous softness of her cheek brushed his, "but—since yesterday I've known—there's one on the mountain-top."

A Reciprocal Sacrifice.

John Drew, the actor, not long ago met a friend, formerly a player in his company, but now engaged in business. Mr. Drew had heard a rumor to the effect that the former player was about to wed the widow of his deceased partner, so he genially remarked:

"Ah, my boy! I understand that you are to marry the old man's widow! Furthermore, it is whispered that she has effected a great reform in you—that you have given up many little enjoyments of which you used to be so fond, smoking, for instance."

"Yes," replied the ex-player, she gives up her weeds, and I give up mine."—"Success."

"Sir—Your wife is held by us for ransom. She will be detained until you deposit \$10,000 under the oak tree at the top of the hill. The Black Hand."

"Dear Sirs—Your favor of recent date received. I have deposited under the oak tree a trunk containing the rest of my wife's wardrobe. Yours truly, J. B. Henpecke."

"The Pathfinder."

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Points About People.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD was once taking lunch at the Rideau Club in Ottawa with the late Senator Sandford and one or two other friends. The Senator asked the Premier who, in his opinion, had been the best Governor-General Canada had had. As Sir John was just then the chief constitutional adviser of one of them (Lord Stanley of Preston) this was the very last question he could be expected to answer seriously. But he replied promptly: "Oh, I regard Lord Stanley as the most satisfactory man we have had." The Senator was amazed. He had expected to hear Sir John say Lord Lansdowne or the Marquis of Lorne. "In what respect do you find him superior to his predecessors, Sir John?" The Premier's look of gravity gave way to a sly smile. "Well, he has the best collection of army stories I have ever heard." And the company laughed at the Senator's discomfiture.

A story is still told with relish by the members of a small Presbyterian congregation not far from Toronto, although the incident occurred a number of years ago. The pastor of this congregation, a most learned and excellent man, was essentially incapable of grappling with practical things. One day a rural parishioner brought to the minister a number of fine geese as a gift.

The pastor's wife, a very energetic, thrifty person, was seized with the idea that she would keep them and raise a flock. She took considerable pride in the geese, keeping them in an old hen-house, and, having occasion to leave home for a week or so to visit her parents, she enjoined on her husband the necessity of taking good care of them. On her return one of her first questions related to the welfare of the geese. "Mary," said the minister, "those birds have given me unending trouble. Every night I went out to see that they were comfortable, but, though I put them up myself, one by one, the silly things wouldn't stay on the roost."

A Toronto teacher lately asked her "Junior Third" class in the course of an examination paper "What is the use of the study of grammar?" Not many adults could have given an entirely satisfactory answer, but the first two attempts from the pupils are suggestive. "Grammar is used to brighten the brain and to refreshen it." "Grammar is used to help us in making nouns." But these replies are far less practical than the answer on an entrance paper as to the exports of Italy, when in all seriousness the candidate wrote: "Peanuts and organ-grinders."

Every city woman, prevented by circumstances from keeping hens, is fully convinced that had she the opportunity she could make a fortune by raising poultry. She has read about it in the papers, and, when she gets a chance she tries her hand at it. A Toronto lady, having gone with her family to spend last summer in a Muskoka cottage, bought a couple of dozen hens and eagerly awaited the joyful task of gathering a couple of dozen eggs on the first day after arrival. Hearing much cackling from the poultry, she decided to go out and see what progress had been made. Approaching the hen-house noiselessly she opened the door and peered into the nearest nest in a box against the wall. She looked into the startled eyes of a hen on the nest. "Oh, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the lady in confusion, hastily retreating and flying on tip-toe from the spot.

At a by-election in Lambton, caused by the death of the late Mr. Pardee, the then Hon. Oliver Mowat and Mr. Peter Ryan were the speakers at the mass meeting at Sarnia. The tunnel was then under construction, and a large gang of English navvies were employed on it, whose votes were much sought after by both parties. Before the meeting the visiting speakers were taken into the tunnel, where the "Little Premier" put on the smile that wouldn't come off, but somehow the navvies didn't seem much impressed by him, and the visit looked as if it was "Love's labor lost."

Mr. Ryan saw how matters stood, and remained behind with the navvies, some of whom had helped to build the railways of England, and, after a few words to every one of them about their birthplaces, which he seemed to know like a book, he started on the glories of the heroes of the English prize-ring. The Englishmen grew deeply interested, and hung on every word, for Peter was familiar with the deeds of every famous pugilist from Tom Crib to Tom Sayers. He told his hearers about the long string of English fighters, and that Tom Sayers was

the best bit of stuff that ever wore a hide. He emphasized this by telling the crowd that Mr. Mowat was a great admirer of Sayers, and that the Council Chamber table was never without a copy of the latest issue of *Bell's Life*, and that a large picture of the great fight between Sayers and Heenan was hung up on the wall of the chamber. This was followed up by telling the now enthusiastic crowd that Mr. Mowat was in the habit of putting on the gloves two or three times a week with Joe Pop just to keep his hand in, for in his young days Mowat was a bit of a bruiser. One husky Englishman on hearing this said: "Wot, 'im a foiter; well, I wouldn't a thowt so to luck at 'im." To clinch matters, Peter said that the life of Tom Sayers was going to be given by the Mowat Government as a prize book in the public schools, as an encouragement of the manly art of self-defence. This settled it, and the votes went for the Mowat candidate to a man.

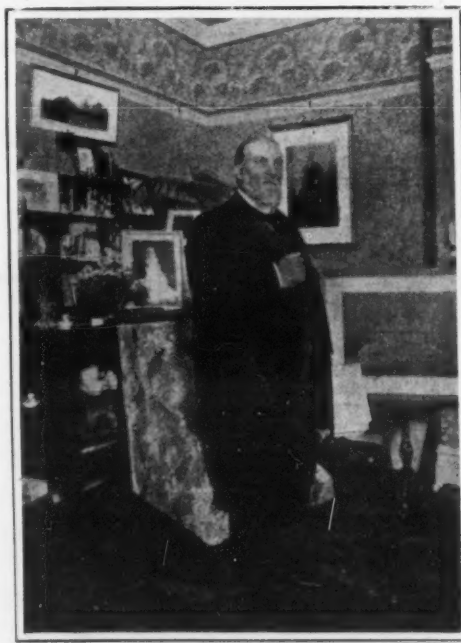
The late Judge Ferguson when in court often displayed some slight temper when anything that savored of negligence came to his notice. And he was not afraid to voice his displeasure, either. It is related that his nephew, W. N. Ferguson, once appeared before him on a motion, and he submitted for His Lordship's scrutiny a certain paper. There were figures on the paper, and they were no clearer than lawyers' figures generally are. "The Judge noticed an almost indistinguishable '5,'" said the best '5' you can make?" he enquired sharply. "My Lord, I find it difficult to make a '5' at all sometimes," answered the young lawyer, and the old Judge saw the point. He was in good-humor for the rest of the session.

While the members of the Canadian Press Association were on their way to visit the Agricultural College at Guelph last Saturday a number of Toronto men, from force of habit, began talking about the street car service here. A man from Western Ontario spoke up. "If you fellows from Toronto want to find out what a really accommodating street car line is, you ought to visit some of the smaller cities. Right in the town we are going to I had a funny experience some years ago. I was on a car, bound for the railway station, but passing a hotel I saw a man, a friend of mine, whom I had not run across for years. I grabbed my grip, jumped off the car, and greeted him. Then we went inside, and in a minute or two, of course, I had forgotten all about the street car. Presently someone rapped loudly on the window. I looked up, and there was the trolley conductor. "Say, boss," said he, "will you soon be ready to go?"

When the newspaper men were at Guelph last Saturday they heard a very interesting talk from Professor Day about live stock. He showed, using a live animal as an illustration, where all the prime cuts of beef were found. "Here," he said, "is where you get your porterhouse. You don't find it anywhere else on the animal." "You don't!" somebody called out, "but the butcher does." President Creelman, a few moments later, was talking about the respective importance of various departments of the Agricultural College. "Shall we say that live stock is about the most important?" Professor Day here interrupted: "While here," he said, stroking a yearling heifer, "it would be well to say that."

Bluntness of speech is one of the characteristics of Chief Justice Sir William Meredith, the former leader of the Conservative party in Ontario. In the corridors of Osgoode Hall the story goes that one of Toronto's rising young barristers, Mr. W. E. Middleton, recently desired to come before the Chief Justice in his private room at the Hall. He had some motion to make, and he asked the usher to precede him and ask permission to see His Lordship. The usher did so, but the reception he met was not in the nature of a welcome. The Chief Justice was not in good humor. But the lawyer had followed the usher in, and he then asked without delay for an interview. "No!" was the blunt refusal. Then followed the good-humored advice—"Go to the d—!" "That's where I thought I had come," was the ready reply of the barrister. The Chief Justice likes a joke just as much as a fine legal point, and the answer mollified him. He listened in good humor to Mr. Middleton's motion.

At a college debate which recently took place in Wycliffe Hall, one of the dignitaries of Osgoode Hall sat on the platform. In the audience was one of those wearisome people who are continually laying unfounded claims to the acquaintance of distinguished men. This person, catching sight of the legal luminary in front, began to expatiate to a quiet young man at his side. "There," he cried enthusiastically, "is one of the finest men I know. We were boys at school together. Don't you think he has a distinguished appearance?" The young man nodded, but said nothing. He was the son of the gentleman in question.



MR. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

Mr. Heaton—the name is not a double-barrelled hyphenated one—has rendered distinguished service in connection with the postal system of Great Britain. His active work in the matter of the introduction of Imperial penny-postage brought his name into prominence in Canada and throughout the Empire. Mr. Heaton is a Conservative and in the late election was returned as member for Canterbury, a city which he has represented since 1885. It is interesting to note that he lately refused a knighthood.

When John D. Rockefeller picks up his beloved Bible and reads the story of the widow's cruse of oil he thanks heaven that the age of miracles is past.—San Francisco Bulletin.



Mr. Wilton Lackaye as Curtis Jadwin, and Miss Jane Oaker as Laura Jadwin in a scene from *The Pit* at the Princess next week.

THE DRAMA.

THE most important event in the local theatrical world will be the visit of Mr. Mansfield to the Princess Theater this month. On Thursday, February 22nd, Mr. Mansfield appears in *Moliere's The Misanthrope*; on Friday, February 23rd, in Schiller's *Don Carlos*, in *Beau Brummell* at Saturday matinee and as *Shylock* in *The Merchant of Venice* on Saturday night. Mr. Mansfield has not been in Toronto for some time, and his coming visit will be appreciated by all who admire the artist, and it is especially satisfactory that we shall see him in such a variety of roles.

Next week, Mr. Wilton Lackaye will appear at the Princess Theater at the head of his own company in the dramatization of Frank Norris' novel, *The Pit*, and in a revival of *Trilby*, with members of the original cast. Mr. Channing Pollock, who visited Toronto two years ago, has succeeded in making a very striking play of the famous "wheat" novel. As *Curtis Jadwin*, the typical American speculator, Mr. Lackaye has achieved a notable success. Readers of modern fiction can readily see that the tale of adventure and achievement can find such a background in commerce as in the past was furnished by the tournament. Wall street and the Chicago wheat pit are battlegrounds of the present century, and the slaughter is no less terrible than actual warfare has known. Such stories as *The Plum Tree* and *The Deluge*, by David Graham Phillips, illustrate this commercial tendency, but a much greater study of the effects of speculation on the character is *The Pit*, which has a sterner note and more literary grace than any of its imitations. The passion that possesses *Curtis Jadwin*, which renders him insensible to all but financial interests, even making him indifferent to the woman he has loved, is depicted with a force that is realism of the best type. The climax is the panic scene in the wheat pit when all the hysterical excitement of those who see fortunes made and unmade in a moment reaches a tragic intensity. *The Pit* is emphatically a drama of today, portraying an evolution familiar to every city, and withal its earnestness makes it artistically felt. Mr. Pollock is such a Norris enthusiast that he has done his work with more than the care commonly bestowed by the dramatic remodeler, and the depth of the novelist's convictions has not been lost, although the stage version of the tragedy of speculation is necessarily softened.

The word *Trilby* sounds almost like an echo of the year 1804, when shoes, laundries and hats were named after the heroine of Du Maurier's famous novel. Mr. Lackaye has two matinee performances of this play, in which he appears as *Svengali*, one of the most thorough-going villains that fiction or drama has afforded. Whatever may be thought of *Trilby* herself and her three devoted cavaliers, *Taffy*, the *Laird* and *Little Billee*, the originality of *Svengali* must be admitted as one of Du Maurier's most powerful efforts. The glimpses of art student life in Paris, the trio of friends who work and talk so loyally together and the tragedy that befalls the poor, little *blanchisseuse* have been almost forgotten, but *Trilby's* admirers will probably rally once more.

The week of Shakespeare, according to Ben Greet and the days of Elizabeth, has been highly successful at Massey Hall, both as to attendance and the artistic merits of the performers. The novelty of *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar* and *Henry V.* without the scenic effects dear to the modern stage manager attracted the more serious students of Shakespeare, while the anonymity of the players introduced a certain mystery irritating to the reporter, but not without an element of piquancy. The "reading" was of marked dignity and intellectual sincerity, and the intention to produce the Elizabethan atmosphere was apparent. But the very effort is self-conscious, for this age can no more go back to the days when "a new heaven and a new earth" had just been discovered than it can produce another Shakespeare. Our mental efforts are expended on business and bridge, and when we go to the theater, the imagination does not rise to the footlights and furnish the necessary settings for the schemes

of *Shylock* or the coquetting of *Dear Lady Disdain*. The fault may not be in our times but in ourselves that we are underlings of the imagination. To view Ben Greet's productions aright, one must have the pale moonlight, the Varsity lawn, and the historic elms with their spreading branches above the loves of *Rosalind* and *Orlando*.

Mr. Ade has furnished the frequenters of the Princess Theater with two good comedies this season. A few weeks before Christmas the rural politics of *The County Chairman* appealed to all who have known such communities as Antioch, and during this week *The College Widow*, with its flirtations and athletics, has delighted those who enjoy healthy sport and hearty laughter. Mr. Ade's *Fables in Slang* have dwelt rather too persistently on the cheap boarding-house, the flashy young man and the young woman with a huge pompadour and a settled smile. But *The College Widow* lives in a different region and introduces a humor much more stimulating than we have hitherto known from the Chicago dramatist. The production is not so much a play as a series of college scenes with certain queer types strongly depicted. The student whom his landlady finds an artful dodger, the athletic blacksmith who takes four hours of art a week to qualify as student, the "widow" herself who is a distractingly pretty girl who wins the title by her numerous love affairs, and the hero, himself, who is a very Bayard of the campus, are all clearly and entertainingly presented. Mr. Thomas Meighen, as the last character, is a college boy to be proud of. Miss Frances Ring makes a youthful and vivacious widow, Miss Gertrude Quinlan is highly humorous as *Flora Wiggins*, a waitress who receives the amorous regard of many unfledged freshmen, and Mr. Beresford Hollis, as *Copernicus Talbot*, the learned tutor, is an excellent study of the dominie.

Tom, Dick and Harry, the musical comedy at the Grand this week, is a very laughable farce. Bickel, Watson and Wrothe, who are *Tom, Dick and Harry* respectively, abundantly live up to their reputation of being at the head of their profession in light comedy. The dramatic element in their production is very slight. There is just enough plot to give continuity to the series of sketches which the three comedians put on. *Colonel Bluff* of West Point has invented an aerial battery which is to revolutionize warfare. Representatives of a Spanish West Indian republic form a plot to steal his invention. *Colonel Bluff* is informed of this by the Secret Service Department, and takes three hoboos, *Tom, Dick and Harry*, who arrive on the scene, for Secret Service men in disguise. *Senorita Ricardo*, one of the Spanish spies, persuades them to steal the battery and convey it to *Port o' Domingo*, the republic in question. Accordingly the next act takes place in this republic. Owing to a curious law that he who wears the President's hat is President, one of the trio becomes head of the state. All of this affords opportunity for clever mimicry and burlesque. The comedians do very little dancing or singing, and produce merriment in a legitimate comic way, by actions as much as by words. The production is well staged. There is nothing tawdry in the scenery or in the costumes of the chorus. The music and songs are of fair order of merit. The chorus give a good exhibition of dancing and are of more than average attractiveness and vocal ability. *Tom, Dick and Harry* found favor with the Grand's patrons, and will be remembered as an amusing comic sketch.

At Shea's this week Joe Rechen and his balancing dogs afford considerable amusement. The canines are all small and well trained. Kelly and O'Brien, in funny dialogue, are fairly amusing. Elmer Tenley treats the audience to a number of stories of the street, some at least of which are very familiar to an exchange editor. Will Zimmerman impersonates well-known composers. The La Valle Trio of musicians afford one of the most entertaining features of the programme. Edna Aug sings some and talks more, and is quite interesting. Marie Glazier and Arthur Dunn, the latter a midget, are very heartily received. Max Wilson's European rope performers give a popular exhibition. Their feats of strength are quite a revelation.

New York Letter

HERE is a noticeable lull in theatrical activity at this moment, and for the coming week only one change of programme is announced. This will occur at Madison Square Theater, where *The Lucky Miss Dean*, by Sidney Bowkett—a comedy of the touch and go sort, which has already enjoyed a measure of success in London—will have a first presentation on this side. On paper the cast looks promising, and the reputation of this little-theater-around-the-corner for artistic productions has almost come to be a guarantee.

It needed no peculiar gifts of prophecy to foretell the failure of *Grierson's Way*, which was reviewed in our last letter. The piece has been withdrawn, and Mr. Henry Miller is busy rehearsing another to take its place.

The House of Silence, which Mr. Hackett and his company tried for a week, has also met a similar fate. And the honest, sturdy *Walls of Jericho*, that were temporarily taken down to provide a site for its erection, are now restored. Mr. James K. Hackett, in a *House of Silence*, seemed an anomaly to begin with—the lustier occupation of trumpet-blowing about Jericho being far more in the line of this Joshua of the modern stage.

Socially the most brilliant engagement of the present half-season, and dramatically the most entertaining and clever, perhaps, since the Arnold Daly performances, was the return to New York the other night of that delightful English actress, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, in Mr. Sutro's *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*. A year ago, you will remember, Miss Jeffreys made her first appearance on this side the Atlantic in *The Prince Consort*, and through her charms of acting, her great beauty, her social gifts and a most engaging personality, won instant favor in the social and theatrical circles of this city. Later, Miss Jeffreys appeared as *Lady Gay Spanker* in a distinguished revival of *London Assurance*, the role of the jolly, perverse, rollicking, out-of-door *Lady Gay* fitting the actress most agreeably. As *Lady Clarice Howland*, a prepossessing widow of thirty, thrown on the matrimonial market, Miss Jeffreys has still further opportunity for displaying the fine arts of the comedienne, as well as the more sober but not less fascinating charms of an English lady. *Lady Clarice* has been a widow three years, and for several reasons, chiefly her extravagance, this protracted widowhood has become a source of anxiety to her mother, the *Mother-in-law of Hendingby*, and an elder sister, *Lady Clementina*, a maiden lady of rather saintly reputation. These relatives have therefore decided that *Lady Clarice* shall remarry, and a sense of responsibility toward her growing son, helps to bring the young widow around to their viewpoint. The chief difficulty lies in the choice of suitors. Two old "cheque-books," as she calls them, *Lord Woolham* and *Sir Justice Cardick*, are there to urge their claims, and have the moral support of the family to boot. But just at this juncture the fascinating, if prodigal, *Mr. Vanderveldt* arrives on the scene, and, of course, proves a much more entertaining companion to the rather bored *Lady Clarice* than these senile wooers. The virtuous *Lady Clementina* and her haughty mother are both shocked at the turn of affairs and fear the worst. But *Lady Clarice*, who is a single exception to *Mr. Vanderveldt's* fascinating rule over fair women, is only intent on amusing herself. She has him well in hand, and as for his suit tells him frankly that he hasn't a chance in the world. *Vanderveldt* is determined, however, and, failing to win, makes elaborate plans for kidnapping her, and in these plans the automobile plays an important part. A pre-arranged breakdown at the end of a fifty-mile run finds the lady and her companion at a little inn, remote from anywhere and with no means of communicating their situation to the anxious household they have left behind. Secure now in the possession of his fair prize, the modern Don Juan springs his trap. That was his one mistake. *Lady Clarice*, to all appearances sharing the humor of the situation up to this point, now cleverly plans her escape and manages it so well that the fascinating young profligate is left to enjoy his lonely inn with neither automobile nor lady. A genuine breakdown along the road, however, still prevents her return that night, and next morning the innocent lady finds herself compromised in the sight of her family and guests after all. The "cheque-books," unable to obtain any explanation of the adventure, take their leave and the matrimonial difficulty is only solved by an unexpected bestowal of her favor on the virtuous, but rather tiresome *Colonel Raynor*, whose confidence in the *Lady Clarice* proved equal to any and every test.

Hardly less interesting than Miss Jeffreys' reappearance on the boards is the new role in which this fascinating comedy presents the author, Mr. Alfred Sutro. Heretofore we have associated this writer with such dramas of obvious moral purpose as *The Walls of Jericho* and *A Mocker of Men* only. And one can hardly realize, except in spots, that this bright, clever, witty comedy, so accidental in its seriousness, and so amiable in its attitude, with its moral and artistic values so nicely adjusted, is written by the same hand. True, the author pays his sixpence to morality in the end, but only sixpence. And besides, what does the end matter? We are hurrying into our wraps by that time in any case, and our one anxiety is to secure a comfortable table at our favorite restaurant. Yes, Mr. Sutro's apotheosis is an interesting and extremely welcome one. For, while there are plenty of people—from President Roosevelt down—competent to explain our duty to the race and our obligation to the domestic virtues, there are comparatively few who are able to add anything to the literature of the nation. And those who are should not be hampered by considerations which, in the realm of art, at least, are secondary.

A very fine cast, that includes Mr. Frank Worthing in the title role, is supporting Miss Jeffreys, and is to be still further strengthened by the addition of Mr. Guy Standing, who will play the part of the virtuous, but lucky, *Colonel Raynor*.

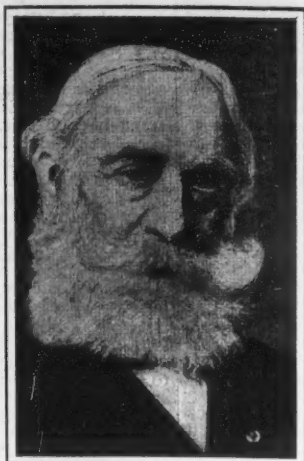
Mr. Channing Pollock is the latest accession to the ranks of American playwrights, and, if his future work realizes the promise of his first original offering, *The Little Gray Lady*, just produced at the Garrick, he will have to be reckoned with seriously in any discussion of the American drama. Mr. Pollock, like many others of the successful dramatists of the day—Richard Harding Davis and George Ade, say—is an old newspaper man, and for many years has been the general press representative of the Shuberts at their New York headquarters.

The Little Gray Lady is a simple, world-old story of a fading faith in love and the power of one good woman's love to save the man she loves from the wrong way. But old as the sentiment is and homely, too, in the glitter of modern sophistries, Mr. Pollock has contrived to tell his story in a unique and highly interesting way. And with his excellent character drawing, and the dramatic situations cleverly and consistently evolved, the play has met with instant success—a success that is all the more creditable in view of the unobtrusive qualities of the piece, its freedom from subterfuge and its honest appeal to the gentler, but often neglected, emotions of our being. The keynote of the performance too is subdued and natural and proceeds quietly along a plane of everyday life such as it depicts. Departmental life in Washington, in this case the Treasury Department, furnishes the characters, the background and the "plot." One scene is laid in a

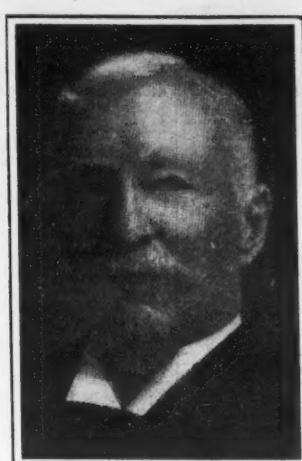


NORMAN HAPGOOD.

The principal figures in the remarkable New York libel suit brought by *Town Topics* against Mr. Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's Weekly*. Mr. Hapgood's scathing comment upon *Town Topics* and its editor, Colonel Mann, and upon Judge Deuel for his connection with a paper of that character while acting as judge were held not to be libelous.



COLONEL MANN.



JUSTICE JOSEPH M. DEUEL.

room in the Treasury; the others are in a backyard and in an interior of *Mrs. Jordan's* boarding-house. A hundred dollar bill has been stolen, and to protect the culprit, whom she loves in spite of his faithlessness, *Anna Gray* (*The Little Gray Lady*) tries hard to recover it before it is returned to the Treasury. Failing in this, she urges her lover away, even at the risk of fastening suspicion upon herself. But just as the guilty man, who meantime has come to a realization of the great gift of such a woman's love, returns to surrender himself, the bill turns up and is generously destroyed by the Secret Service man in charge of the case. A felony has been compounded, but we are all very willing accessories to the crime, knowing the futility of punishment on the one hand and the potency of love and forgiveness on the other.

The vein is a serious one, but some humorous lines and plenty of amusing business enliven the course of the play, and balance nicely the more weighty interests. Mr. Pollock has been fortunate in the production of the piece, and the casting could hardly be improved upon. Miss Julia Dean fits precisely the role of *The Little Gray Lady*, while Miss Donnelly of *Candida* fame has sunk her personality most effectively in the character of *Ruth Jordan*, a familiar type of flashy, vulgar, middle class, but good-looking and buxom, American girl, who affects high heels and a swivel action about the hips. Other members of the company are equally effective in their parts, and the production is under the management of Mr. Maurice Campbell. J. E. W.

THE UNDER DOG

THE quickest way for the under dog to come up is to get his head out of the dust and watch until he can get a shrewd grip on a vital part of the enemy that is holding him down. Too many men who are under dogs prefer to lie quiet and do nothing, hoping that someone may come around the corner and lend them a hand.

A story which gives point to the fact that few under dogs deserve to be on top is told, by the San Francisco *Bulletin*, of a chauffeur who was driving a number of gentlemen in a hired automobile. They had scarcely started on the trip before the chauffeur began grumbling to the party about his "hard luck" in being forced to work for such a small salary as he was receiving. During the course of his tale of woe one of the tires exploded and the car was dragged to the roadside for repairs.

"The tools are in the chest," remarked the chauffeur, "but I have forgotten to bring the key. You had better take a street car." He looked helplessly at the passengers.

Examination disclosed that the tool-chest was closed with a Yale padlock. One of the party, the manager of a large business house, walked a short distance to a roadhouse, borrowed a "jimny" from the proprietor, and quickly pried the padlock open. The chauffeur was astonished, but he proceeded to repair the tire. He went about the job lazily, in an absent-minded way. The only patch he had in his kit was a small and worn piece. He made the dismaying discovery, however, that his cement can was empty and there was nothing with which to affix the patch to the tire. No way out of this difficulty occurred to the chauffeur, but the same passenger who had opened the lock hailed another automobile and borrowed from the occupants enough cement to serve his purpose. In a few minutes the repairs were accomplished.

The chauffeur did not see that the passengers had discovered why his wages were small. The wonder to them was that a man so thoughtless should receive even as large a salary as the one complained of.

There are many men all over the country like this chauffeur. I know of a small Ontario town in which an excellent system of waterworks was installed some years

ago. As soon as the old engine and the few small taps constituting the water supply were replaced by a reservoir and a reasonably sufficient number of hydrants, and it was found that water could be thrown over the highest building in the place, the volunteer fire brigade began to think that organization and training were no longer necessary. One black-dark night a fire occurred. No one could find even a lantern for a long time. Then nobody could remember where the hydrant wrenches had been dropped. By the time the brigade had water playing on the building it was a wreck. Of course the whole community was properly disgusted with the incompetence displayed by the brigade, and for a time there was some order at the firehall and the volunteers made some effort towards preparing themselves for an emergency. Soon, however, things were as bad as ever again. Some changes were made in the men, but it was still found that they were incapable of handling the appliances. In the meantime they were constantly worrying the town council for more equipment and more salary. Finally a number of the leading business men got together to talk the matter over. One of the number had an idea. He pointed out that the brigade, including the captain, was composed of workmen and others who did not think and who were unfitted to do any sort of work unless they were closely supervised. He drew attention to the folly of entrusting them with the care of costly appliances and laying upon them a responsibility which they were incapable of shouldering. As the town was too small to maintain a paid brigade, he proposed that they ask the municipal council to disband the old brigade and appoint one composed of themselves—the business men—that they would themselves look after the equipment and would each hire an able-bodied man to do the active fire-fighting. The plan was approved by the council and carried out with success, thus proving that the blundering brigade had failed to handle fires simply because they failed to think.

There are thousands of men here in Toronto who are working for small salaries and bemoaning their ill-fortune. Many of these men never stop to consider that they are receiving little because they are worth little, and that they are not advanced because they never do anything to merit advancement. They have no initiative. They do only what they are urged to do, and go about it in a careless, slipshod way. They do not think.

The man who does not think can be spotted readily enough. The friend who comes into your office and asks permission to write a letter and goes away leaving your papers scattered and the pen he used making a trail of ink all about your desk; the stranger who does not look where he is going in the street or who blocks the doors of street cars—these are unthinking men. When anyone is thoughtless about small things he is apt to be thoughtless about big things, and naturally he finds himself an under dog.

The Sphinx Smiled.

Captain Lambton, when contesting Newcastle, told a story of a ride which he and Lord Charles Beresford took on donkeys in Egypt. The latter had the misfortune to be thrown to the ground by his troublesome mount.

"Whoa, Tipperary!" shouted Lord Charles. The peculiar form of the address aroused Captain Lambton's curiosity.

"What are you calling that Egyptian 'moke' Tipperary for?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply, "Tipperary also unseated me when I stood for Parliament!"

A Kissing Duel.

At some amateur theatricals in Victoria two people in the stalls, whenever the heroine was kissed, kissed each other loudly and with ostentation. It turned out that the man in the audience was the husband of the heroine, who disapproved of her theatrical tastes, and (with the help of an amiable friend) took this way of reproving them.—*Sydney Bulletin*.



OUT OF THE EAST LIGHT.

"Who is that earnest looking individual over there?" "That's the Boston lecturer on higher criticism of the Bible as literature. She conducts the 'beliefs removed without pain' classes here in town." —*Life*.

A Famous Fourteenth

"T'S just about sixteen years ago," said Henley, as he dropped the largest lump he could find into the grate and leisurely broke it into small pieces. "Since what?" asked one of us lazily.

"Since the 'Varsity fire." That happened St. Valentine's night in '90. It was the Conversat, you know, and perhaps I don't remember standing 'round in that slush waiting for the old tower to tumble and feeling as if the bottom had fallen out of the universe."

"It was a great old night," chuckled Billy Raymond—"it was in the days when Sir Dan was President." "And when McKim was beadle," continued Henley, "poor old McKim! I'll never forget how he mourned the next day over his lost medals. We could get another library, and fossils were of small account, but McKim's medals were the outward and visible sign of his British soldiering. I was just nineteen, and was wearing my first dress suit."

"Yours! Jack Fraser's, you mean," said Billy Raymond scoffingly, "don't you remember how you borrowed his suit to wear on the festive occasion? Jack was a blooming pessimist about that time because he'd quarrelled with a girl, and he wouldn't go near any affair that meant feminine society."

"And I suffered agony in that narrow-backed arrangement. Jack Fraser never had much of a chest. However, I was a horribly important and serious youngster, for I was going to take Florence Morgan, a girl from my old home, to the Conversat, and it was the very first time I had acted as 'escort.' Florence, I may say, is at present engaged in putting our son and heir to bed."

"No," said Mrs. Henley from the stairs, "he's asleep at last. He has your bad manners, Dick. He fairly snored in the middle of one of my stories. What were you saying about me?"

"Just talking about the 'Varsity fire sixteen years ago, and how I asked you to go to the Conversat?"

"Surely it isn't sixteen years ago. Dear me, it seems just like yesterday that I opened that box of flowers and wondered how you could afford it."

"It did make a hole in my weekly allowance," said Henley somewhat plaintively. "Let's see! The four of us went together in an old-fashioned cab. You were with us, Billy, and who was the girl?"

"Agnes Barker," replied Billy.

"What's become of Agnes?"

"Married a Presbyterian minister, and went away off to the West," said Billy gloomily, "met her on Yonge street a year ago and she told me that her husband was doing a great work out there, and that they intended to send their twin boys back to old 'Varsity some day. She's awfully faded and has a resigned look. He has red hair and a loud voice."

"Poor Billy!" said Henley softly, and Florence looked sympathetically at the portly bachelor.

"Oh, I'm not kicking," was the cheerful response. "D'you remember how we drove over to Sherbourne street to call for the girls and a Freshie shouted to us that 'Varsity was on fire. We wouldn't believe it, and thought of his fearful cheek. But as we crossed to College street we began to be afraid that the glare meant the old place after all."

"I was wearing a cream dress," said Mrs. Henley placidly, "material like nun's veiling, with a silk spot. Dick's roses were lovely with it. Dear me, I wonder what became of that dress!"

"But where are the snows of yesteryear," said another of us who always has a quotation handy.

"Didn't I send a letter or something with the roses?" said Henley, with a far-away look in his eyes.

"Richard Henley, you don't mean to say you've forgotten it! For a sophomore, the sentiment was very creditably expressed. As the Conversat came on St. Valentine's day, of course you could work in some poetry very nicely. It was an original verse and began—"

"That'll do," said Henley hastily, "it's queer that women won't consider that kind of thing sacred."

"I'll bet it began 'the rose is red,'" remarked Billy.

"Didn't know that you'd ever broken out in song, old man. Perhaps you were wise. I just sent a plain card to Agnes. If I'd drawn bleeding hearts on it she might never have gone to the golden West with that red-haired parson."

"And don't you remember how we drove down to the park, just as near as we dared to the fire? And then, you boys got out and went over to find out how it had happened."

"And you sat in the carriage and cried," said her husband.

"Well, it was such an awful disappointment. I had a new gown, and it was the first time anyone had sent me roses. And Aunt Mary had lent me her lovely old ivory fan. To think of all that being spoiled by a few lamps being upset! And Agnes was so provoking! Even then she was rather above the pomps and vanities, and told me that there wasn't any use in crying about it, and that a man would despise me for not having more self-control."

"I felt, rather gully myself when the old tower fell," said Billy. "My, it was a great sight when the flames wrapped themselves round the stones and seemed fairly furious with delight to see it go."

"And we wondered where the exams would be held and the fourth-year men were beginning to be happy over the thought that perhaps the class would graduate as a body without the trifling formality of writing at all."

"But the cheerful little questions turned up as usual in the Medical Council building, and other weird corners. It takes more than a fire to upset our marvellous examination system. But the fourth year people had Convocation held in a tent on the lawn, rather than go away from the old sod."

"It was pretty chilly old sod the night of the fire. It's a wonder we didn't both get pneumonia and all sorts of influenza, for I wandered around without an overcoat in Jack Fraser's best clothes for about five hours. It seems strange that sixteen years ago I could stroll around for a whole night knee-deep in slush and never feel it the next day. Hang it all! There's a difference between nineteen and thirty-five."

"You don't look so very much older," said Mrs. Henley indulgently. "Of course, your hair is getting rather thin and you are really very round-shouldered and you pant if you take much exercise, but—"

"That'll do, Florence," said her husband firmly; "it sounds like the last of the seven ages of man. Do you ever go to the conversats now, Billy?"

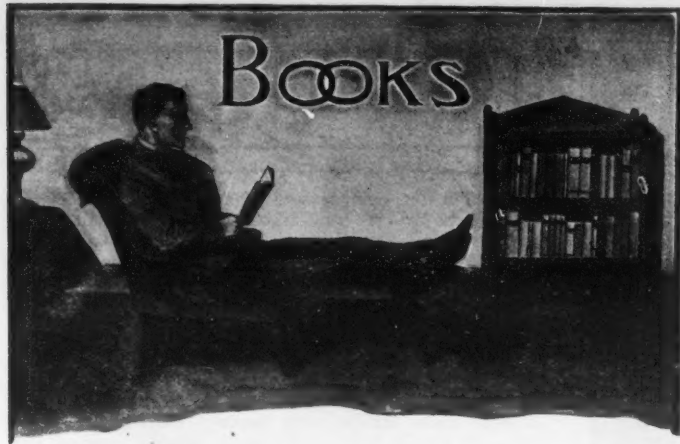
"I guess not," was the energetic reply, "the last time I was there the crowd was nothing but kids—a lot of small boys and girls who giggled. Some of those youngsters weren't more than eighteen."

"And what were we?" asked Henley suddenly; "Billy, there's no use talking. The Conversat has got away from us, and you're nothing but a blase old bachelor, while I'm a settled-down citizen, with a vote and a happy home. But I'd like to be that shivering sophomore just another night—to be able to get up the excitement with which the class of '02 watched the fire."

"This fire is better," said his wife, spreading her hands before the grate.

"And a good cigar is a smoke," added Billy, as he drew up a box to search for a "Cuba stout."

CANADIANE.



Snow.

There blooms no bud in May
Can for its white compare
With snow at break of day
On leafless fields and bare.

For shadow it hath rose,
Azure and amethyst;
And every air that blows
Dies out in beauteous mist.

And when the moon doth rise,
Amid the stars her beams
Stream pure and colorless
Wide o'er a world of dreams.
—Walter De La Mare.

The Author of "Obiter Dicta."

The cabinet formed by Great Britain's new Premier is unusually strong on the literary side. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not known as a writer of distinction, but is said to be better acquainted with French literature than any other prominent Englishman. But Mr. Morley, Mr. Birrell and Mr. Haldane are all authors of the first rank. Among the many politicians who have been successful in their appeal to the literary public is Right Honorable Augustine Birrell, the new Minister for Education. In fact, Mr. Birrell has done what few writers have accomplished and has caused a new word to be invented, "birrelling" being a term in frequent use at Westminster to describe that light yet discerning manner which distinguishes the writer of "Res Judicatae" and "Obiter Dicta."

In the February number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" there is a sketch of Mr. Birrell, written by Herbert Vivian. The former has expressed himself forcibly in one of his essays regarding "interviews," and it is no surprise to find that Mr. Vivian could hardly persuade him to submit to the operation. At first he frankly refused in emphatic terms: "But I have a positive loathing of the format of an interview. There is something about it, even if you do it, which makes me squirm. I daresay it is association, but the phrases, the entourage, the personal descriptions, makes my gorge rise. Truth does not ever lurk in an interview. Then there is the crowning vulgarity of the smug Photograph, or 'Photo.' God preserve me from such things! Caricature is always agreeable, an oil by Sargent must excite lively interest, but a 'Photo' is a skilful hand. But the interview is too much for you. It drags you down. It blunts your wit. It robs your praise of distinction and your criticism of force."

However, the wily Mr. Vivian pointed out that his studies in personality were by no means to be confounded with the common or garden variety of interview and that under no circumstances would he use the word "photo," and so he was allowed to call on Mr. Birrell and found him in cheerful chambers at Lincoln's Inn, with his face buried in his hands. The reader may feel profoundly thankful that Mr. Vivian is a person of perseverance, for the sketch given us is more than commonly interesting.

"I should sum him up as the extreme antithesis to the faux bonhomme. We all know the noisy, frank, hearty, garrulous, slap-you-on-the-back individual who goes about with his hand in a jelly, oozes and perspires with needless benevolence; then goes away to traduce or else remains to cozen. That is the faux bonhomme. Mr. Birrell, like Mr. Labouchere, is rather the counterfeit misanthrope. To all outward appearance he is a sad, sombre, pensive, almost dismal personage, with thin lugubrious lips and a melancholy mouth. But all these outward and visible signs deceive nobody, for his inward and spiritual graces are so transparent.

No one is taken in for a moment by the forlorn face, which never contrives to mask an hilarious benevolence. Concerning the Parliamentary candidate Mr. Birrell makes several cheerful remarks, the following comparison naturally occurring to an islander. "Like seabirds, they come and settle down at the same hotel, which for days resounds with their cheerful cries. In the smoking-rooms at night, after their oratorical labors are over, they are very great, very proud, very happy."

When discoursing upon "Nationality," the author most happily sums up an Englishman as "he who treads upon your corns, smiles at your religion and does not want to know anything at all about your aspirations." He is capable of vigorous contempt, as in the instance of his retort when told that the people do not read the works of that great man, Dr. Samuel Johnson—"Beshrew the general public! When has it ever known anything about literature?"

Probably Cardinal Newman is the writer whom the genial critic holds most dear, although his essay on Carlyle is considered by many his most brilliant bit of literary comment. Curiously enough when John Wesley was the subject of magazine articles and reviews on the two hundredth anniversary of his birthday, one of the most stimulating contributions on the subject came from the pen of Augustine Birrell, who seldom fails

to appreciate greatness of ability and character, whether it be found in prelate or preacher. His humor is of delightful flavor and truly "begets the smiles that know not cruelty." Whoever would enjoy its quiet richness may turn to the essay on "Hannah More" with assurance that his remarks on the works of that virtuous lady are worth many biographies. Kindly, witty Birrell! May his ways be ways of pleasantness and his political paths be peace!

English Poetry and English History.

In the February number of the "Canadian Magazine" there is an article bearing the above title, by Professor Goldwin Smith, which is printed by permission of the editor of the "American Historical Review." The article takes a brief survey of English poetry in connection with the history of England from Chaucer down to our present bards. After the Baconian-cipher rubbish which Ignatius Donnelly and Mrs. Elizabeth Wells-Gallup have inflicted on the bewildered world it is comforting to read: "No person of sense, it may be presumed, doubts that Shakespeare wrote his own plays. Greene and Ben Jonson and Charles I. and Milton thought he did. But, say the Baconians, how came a yeoman's son, brought up among bumpkins and educated at a country grammar-school, to acquire that imperial knowledge of human nature in all its varieties and ranks? This is the one strong point in their case. But Shakespeare, in London, got into an intellectual set. Several of his brother playwrights were university men. The subject of the 'Sonnets' was evidently not vulgar. But much may be explained by sheer genius. Among poets, two are pre-eminent; one lived in the meridian light and amidst the abounding culture of the Elizabethan era; the other in the very dawn of civilization, as some think before the invention of writing, sang, a wandering minstrel, in rude Eolian or Ionian halls, and the influence of Homer on the world's imagination, though less deep, has been wider than that of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, though peerless, was not alone; perhaps he would not even have been peerless had Marlowe lived and worked, for in the last scenes of 'Faust' and 'Edward III.' Marlowe rises to the Shakespearean height."

In referring to the poets who follow the French Revolution the writer says: "We may recognize Burns as one of the foremost in the second class of poets, unsurpassed in his own line, without allowing ourselves to have his character thrust upon our sympathy. The union of high poetic sensibility with what is low in character has been seen not in Burns only, but in Byron, in Edgar Poe, and in many others. If we are to pay homage to such a character as Burns because he was a great Scotch poet, why should we not pay it to that paragon of pure-minded and noble-hearted gentlemen, Walter Scott?"

There is a humorous summing up of Shelley's doctrines: "A revolutionist, Shelley was with a vengeance in every line, religious, political, social, moral, matrimonial, and even dietetic, wanting us to be vegetarians and marry our sisters. He was in fact an anarchist, though as far as possible from being a dynamiter; resembling the gentle Kropotkin of our day, who believes that we should all be good and happy if we would only do away with the police." William Watson speaks "lovingly of 'Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine,' and in reference to his place among the poets Mr. Smith says: 'He is not the first of poets in mental power, but he is, it seems to me, the most purely and intensely poetic.'"

There are many who faint would make the following confession: "Of Browning I fear to speak. His characteristic poems do not give me pleasure of that sort which it is supposed to be the special function of poetry to give. He is a philosopher in verse with Browning societies to interpret his philosophy."

The conclusion is calmly unhelpful: "Neither in England nor anywhere else does there appear to be a great poet. Imagination has taken refuge in the novels, of which there is a deluge, though among them, George Eliot in her peculiar line excepted, there is not the rival of Miss Austen, Walter Scott, Thackeray or Dickens. The phenomenon appears to be common to Europe in general. Is science killing poetic feeling? Darwin owns that he had entirely lost all taste for poetry, and not only for poetry, but for anything esthetic. Yet Tennyson seems to have shown that science itself has a sentiment of its own and one capable of poetic presentation. Ours is manifestly an age of transition. Of what it is the precursor an old man is not likely to see."

A Story of British Columbia.

A field for the lover of rough-shod romance might surely be found in our largest province, with the sea, the mountains and the great rivers to lend variety to adventure. Mr. Clive Phillips Wolley is, I believe, an Englishman by birth, but has lived for many years in Canada. He is known

as a writer of stirring verse, some of it decidedly imperialistic in tone. He has turned his attention to the short story of late and with good results if we may judge from "The Claim-Jumpers," which appears this month in an English magazine. The illustrations, by Simon Harmon Vedder, are decidedly striking, the head-piece having an excellent effect of forest and hills. The writer has an energetic fashion of plunging the reader into the scene and the story: "For a thousand years the green gloom of the pine woods had lain unbroken upon the mountains of West Kootenay; the filmy lace of the cedars had veiled the foothills and there had been silence and peace."

"But in 1901 a whisper went through the world, as disturbing as the tremor which precedes an earthquake, stirring the little men in their busy centers, so that Yankees worth millions rushed from office to office in Wall street, cables hummed and telephones rang incessantly, hatless Englishmen, otherwise immaculately dressed, dived in and out amongst the byways of the Stock Exchange, whilst by road and rail men in big overalls and flannel shirts streamed towards the foothills, and even in the scented cedar gloom you might hear the clink-clink of a billy riding unsteadily upon the prospector's pack."

"The word has gone forth that there was silver in Slokan, wherefore the Eagles who prospect for the fun of it, and the Vultures who come for the carcass, swarmed in towards the lake."

Esperanto.

Public attention has lately been drawn to the proposed universal language, Esperanto, owing to the recent successful congress of Esperantists at Boulogne. A writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" gives some interesting information regarding the success of the movement in Europe and the nature of the language itself.

According to this student of the subject, the first pamphlet on the question was published in 1887 by Dr. Zamenhof, a Russian physician. About ten years later Esperanto seemed to be thriving, having been taken up in Russia, Norway and Sweden, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy considered it seriously before England became acquainted with the new international language. However, in a year thirty societies of Esperantists were formed in England.

There were two great difficulties to be overcome: the Esperantists had no money and there was a prejudice created against the idea of an artificial language by the failure of Volapuk. "In 1900, the accounts of a central committee in Paris showed a surplus of exactly five cents; their budget was then something like four hundred dollars a year. But they have enthusiastic workers who are willing to devote their lives to the triumph of Esperanto."

In France there seems to have been greater advance in the study than in any other country. The author quotes a statement to the effect that the number of adepts is over one hundred thousand. In England its greatest supporter is Sir William Ramsay. Mr. W. T. Stead is mentioned with some enthusiasm as a friend to the cause, but Mr. Stead is regarded in so many quarters as a freak that his championship is a vain and doubtful goal. The brief explanation of the structure of Esperanto is interesting and, after reading the specimen given, one feels like following the example of the author and writing to M. de Beaufort for "Langue internationale Esperanto."

Notes.

The Copp, Clark Co. have in press and expect to issue very shortly a work that will prove of great value to prospectors in the Cobalt district. The author is Mr. W. G. Miller, Provincial Geologist, and the work is entitled "Minerals and How They Occur."

It is said that a new book by Sir Gilbert Parker will soon be published. "The Ladder of Swords" was a decided disappointment, and something more worthy of the author of "The Battle of the Strong" and "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" will be looked for. Now that elections are over and Sir Gilbert is safely holding that Seat of the Mighty—Gravesend—one may hope for more fiction from our ex-Canadian novelist.

It is also rumored that a novel of Indian life, by Mrs. Eversard Cotes, is a publication of the near future. "The Imperialist," except in its political features, was such an admirable story of Ontario life that we should like to know more of Lorne Murchison's doings, and of his career in the town of Elgin, which was freely translated as Brantford.

A contributor to a Boston magazine confesses in an article "On Living Lives" in honest fashion: "We are a primitive folk in Ithaca; Arcadian, not to say Boeotian, in our isolation from the great currents of modern thought. We were still reading Tolstoi when the Ibsen era was half done, and we missed Beard, sley altogether. We continued to be strenuous weeks after we should have become simple. As for Mr. Bernard Shaw, we do not even yet know if he is really 'it.'"

Captain Harry Graham's "More Misrepresentative Men" is said to have been even more successful than his former volumes. There is a great popular demand for verse of the light and airy order, and Captain Graham is already requested by magazines to write some "poems" after the manner of "Ruthless Rhymes." Wallace Irwin's productions continue to enliven New York, while Theodosia Garrison and Carolyn Wells seem to find their ink-wells a fountain of ever-bubbling verse. George Ade, not content with a fortune from fables and an income from his comedies, has turned his attention to humorous lays and is writing rhymes at ruinous rates. But there is a clumsiness about the latter's attempts which is realized after reading the dainty, clever skits of Col. D. Streamer.

THE MAN WITH NO BACKBONE.

THERE was once a Worthy Citizen who grew roses in his back garden, abhorred snails, and wished his country well; but he did not go much beyond this.

Now this man had a Neighbor who read leading articles, argued in railway carriages, and wrote letters to Editors beginning "Sir,—Surely in this so-called twentieth century,—you know the sort of letter."

And the Neighbor despised the Worthy Citizen, calling him a Mugwump and an Invertebrate Mollusc, because he was not a Party Man; and often he would look over the garden fence when the excellent man was watering his roses, and implore him to cultivate a backbone.

"Aha!" he said, one evening, his face irradiated with a noble enthusiasm, "what do you think of the Party now? What about the movement for the Compulsory Clothing of Cannibals? Grand, enlightened—eh? That will be a Plank of the Party Platform at the General Election. You'll have to join us now."

And at last the Mugwump was stirred to the soul, and was converted to the Party; and forthwith he began to make himself a nuisance in railway carriages, where he frightened nervous passengers by the violence of his speech; and he went to meetings where he said "Hear, hear," and "Shame," quite loudly, and nearly always at the right places; and he wrote letters to the daily papers, beginning, "Sir,—Surely in this so-called twentieth century—"

In due time, when the General Election drew near, this Worthy Citizen looked over his garden fence, his face irradiated with a noble enthusiasm, and said to his Neighbor who had converted him: "Aha! Now at last the forces of reaction will be routed, the mists will roll from the mountain tops, and we shall have that Act for the Compulsory Clothing of Cannibals."

But, to his great astonishment, he found that his glowing periods were received with chilling disapprobation. "Of all fools," said his neighbor, the Party Man, "I hate a fool with no backbone. You must know that that no longer constitutes a Plank of the Party Platform, and to raise the question now would be to wreck the Party."

"Not a Plank?" faltered the unhappy proselyte.

"A Plank!" shouted the other. "It's a Piffall!"

"But," persisted the foolish proselyte, "it would be a step upwards on the glorious ladder of Human Progress, the beginning of a Golden Dawn—I have heard you say so a thousand times."

But the neighbor only vouchsafed a snort of disgust, and vanished; and thereafter he always referred to the Worthy Citizen as "that pitiful wobbler, Jones."

Moral: Grow roses.—"Punch."

The Russian Ill Wind.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The Russian revolution is bringing a golden harvest to the Riviera, where grand dukes are as plentiful as blackberries. Cannes might be termed a suburb of St. Petersburg; one hears Russian spoken on all sides, especially on the golf links, where quite one-half of the players are Russian. The Grand Duchess Cyril—ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse—is an enthusiastic golfer, and the fact of her having incurred the Czar's displeasure by her recent marriage does not appear in any way to have affected her relations with the other members of the Imperial Family, with whom she is on the best of terms. The Grand Duke Nicholas plays frequently at the Monte Carlo Casino, where he has been one of the sensational losers of the season.

An interesting story is told of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholovitch, who is a bit of a gambler and is to be seen most days trying his luck at Monte Carlo. One day last week, after a particularly bad run, an unknown lady beside him suggested his quitting a louis on No. 36, which promptly turned up. The grand duke indicated to the croupier that the money was to be paid to the lady, who on her side refused to take it up. During the polite altercation the money had been left on the table, when the same number turned up again. Neither player would agree to accept the stakes until the grand duke had the happy thought of asking the lady to forward them to some charitable society for the poor of Russia.

Full Up.

When the ladies were picking up the dishes after a Sunday-school picnic given to children of the poor, several slices of cake were found which they did not wish to carry home.

One said to a small lad who was already asthmatic from gorging, "Here, boy, won't you have another piece of cake?"

"Well," he replied, taking it rather listlessly, "I guess I can still chaw, but I can't swallow."—Lippincott's.

Nell—Oh, my! Here's a telegram from Jack of the football team.

Bel—What does it say?

"It says, 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman.'"

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St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., June 10th, 1905.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great good which "Fruit-a-tives" have done me. I was a constant sufferer from severe constipation and severe pain in the back for the last ten years. I tried many kinds of pills and tablets and physician's medicines but the relief was only temporary. Not long ago



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Do you know that every drop of blood in your body goes to the kidneys to get rid of some of the impurities? When the bowels don't move regularly, the blood takes up poisons in the bowels and carries them to the kidneys. Then the kidneys get overworked—inflamed. Then comes the pain in the back—headaches—constant desire to urinate—nervousness—sleeplessness.

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The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent to the Editor. Requestors of correspondence to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Irish (Exeter)—December 17th brings you under Sagittarius, the last of the fire trinity. It is noted for straight, blunt expression and ability to hit the mark. Long-sightedness and excellent intuition make them often prophetic of results. Busy, minding their own affairs, careful and particular about their work, ready for emergencies, neat and orderly (where you are perhaps lacking), generally humanitarian and able to make and save if needful, people of one thought and idea at a time, generally jovial and fearless, such are the typical Sagittarius folk. It is not generally an artistic sign, but you have quite a talent, and if you are patient and diligent, should succeed. I have little opinion of Marie Corelli—the only time I ever saw her she behaved very rudely and showed temper, but she's clever, able and talented doubtless, and some of her books I like—not "Thelma," which is full of inaccurate Norwegian details, so my Norwegian friends tell me. She does not love reviews. Sometimes I feel sorry for the peppy little old maid. Your writing shows caution, quick perception, animation, love of effect, ambition, not a bit of tact and very little emotional feeling. You are dominant, decided and a bit selfish. Thought and justice are plainly shown.

Conceptum—Tenacity, nervous energy, self-love and impulse, without control or judgment, are shown in your study. I think you have so much yet to learn that I had better not pick you to pieces just now. You have the stuff in you to develop a fine Aries (April 15th), and should grow fast in silence and solitude. Remember the worst sins of your sign are selfishness, anger and impetuosity. The first and the last show clearly in your study. The Aries propensity to egotism and talking of yourself is suggested by the substance of your letter. And yet, I believe in you, rather.

Carmen—July 24th brings you under Leo, the August sign, with some of Cancer's influence lingering over you. You have susceptibility and are rather easily influenced, have a tenacious, but not nervous, hold, some originality, fair persistence, discretion and practical purpose. You have some original method, do not sufficiently conserve your energies, nor yet the reserve so useful and necessary at times. You are clever and rather fond of power. It is a hand full of sentiment, but not generous in giving. It seems to me you need a bracer of some sort.

E. M. S. (Goderich)—You are determined and can show much force when necessary. The slant you affect would mar any writing, as it robs it of real character; concentration, open speech, care of detail, good facility of expression and culture are shown.

Mary D.—Pleasant and plausible manner, capacity of adaptation, refined and feminine nature, sympathy, tact and decided taste for beauty and the arts, are some of the things shown in your study, which is one of great worth and decided femininity. You are conservative, cautious and of a rather cheerful disposition. You neither desire to dominate nor to direct others. This is a very attractive Libra person, who seems to have the scales balanced fairly well. There is much tenderness in her.

Bella Wilfer—February 13th brings you under the full influence of Aquarius, an air sign, and perhaps you'll allow me to wish you many happy returns of next Tuesday. You have one of the traits of Aquarius, a sort of happy-go-lucky carelessness. You can be unduly pessimistic (it is by no means a joyous hand), and, though clever in expression and somewhat fastidious as well, it lacks finish. I fancy writer would feel thoroughly and keenly injustice and coldness, and be sometimes apprehensive of failure in business or in

their splendid will power and determination into action, neither to excuse nor flatter themselves, be slow to anger or resentment of criticism and very honest and open and above-board. A degenerate Scorpio is very sly and cunning, suspicious and jealous. To acknowledge faults and weakness is more than half the battle with Scorpio nature; never to scold, nag, or analyze other's motives will be difficult, but must be achieved. Scorpio likes travel on the sea and is fond of outdoor sports, also of good living and fine apparel. When these people are truly spiritual they are the salt of the earth, helpful, powerful, tender and devoted to humanity. Your study is good, but undeveloped.

Anno Domini—A good deal of pride and excellent self-control, clear sightedness, concentration, some sympathy, capacity for deep and loyal affection, care for detail, discretion and caution in dealing with others, sense of proportion and good judgment, courage and honesty, excellent vitality and self-respect. If you sometimes despond it emphasizes your evident need of inspiration, away from the things of work and striving. It is a hand to have and hold its own.

Nansen—There's no ice bridge yet. The winter only began on February 2nd, and it is moderating now, one day later. You might send news from the other end of the world, sir.

Do Gentlemen Swear?

THE blunt statement made by Dr. Parkhurst of New York, that a man who swears is "no gentleman," is provocative of soul-searchings and questions. Imprimis, what is "swearing"? Is swearing saying "Damn"? Some may think so, but we believe that there is a judicial decision in one of the States having an anti-profanity law, to the effect that a simple, chaste, heartily uttered "Damn" is not "swearing" within the meaning of the law. And we have ourselves beheld nice, top-hatted old gentlemen who, slipping on a banana peel, uttered the word "Jehosaphat!" with such force, fury, and fervor that, to our common or garden mind, they seemed infinitely more profane than men we have heard mutter a gentle admonishing "Damn" on perceiving that it was twenty minutes later than they thought it was, and it was too late to catch the five o'clock boat.

We have even heard maiden ladies with curls say "Land sakes alive!" with such a rolling eye, and angular gesture, and crescent tone, that, truly, they seemed nearer "swearing" than a cool truckman who remarks to the boy on the off side, "Damn you, Bill, get up there!" Indeed, we have even heard men say "Great Scott!" with such grinding and rending of the wells of emotion, such apparent violence of oburgation, as to come strictly within the realm of profanity. So the question arises, What constitutes profanity? Does the reverend gentleman consider only "swear words" profane, or does he count as profanity any expletives expropriated with profane emphasis, and under stress of undue emotion? In the latter case, Dr. Parkhurst's statement

reduces to the idea that no gentleman permits anger to dominate him completely, but always retains a hold upon his passions and passionate speech. This is an understandable theory. In the former case, however, where the words employed become the sole basis of judgment, we are given pause. What, then, of one G. Washington, who used "Damn," and kindred expletives, with force and eloquence—was he "no gentleman"? What of that other fighter, the Duke of Wellington, whose curious oaths are famous? Was Wellington not entitled to the name of gentleman? And, coming nearer home, are we to suppose that Theodore Roosevelt always says "By Godfrey"? It seems to us—we have heard somewhere—we believe—that the cowboys up near Medora on the Little Missouri would grin like anything should you, perchance remark that "Teddy" never, never swore. And even now—But no tales out of school.

It strikes us, indeed, that Dr. Parkhurst is going to have no very tremendous support in the press of the country for his contention that no gentleman ever swears. The "Christian Advocate" will help him out, of course; the "Sunday School Times" will come nobly to his rescue; he ought to be able to count upon the fearless support of the Rev. Lyman Abbot's "Outlook". But in the secular press we look in vain for champions of his thesis. Even the high-minded, chaste, and elegant New York "Evening Post" finds in its heart charity which "will allow no wholesale disqualification of great-hearted gentlemen, who discreetly fortify their simple yea and nay." And in the West, in particular, we hear somewhat to be expected from a country where, in a thousand hither-shops, thousands upon thousands of offices and hundreds of hotel lobbies, there is posted the motto of the Western man, which is, "Live each day so you can look every damn man in the eye, and tell him to go to hell."—San Francisco "Argonaut"

Hates to Go Home.

The lover can't help showing
The girl he's calling on
That when he's slow in going
He's positively "gone."
—Philadelphia Press.

Quaintly Frank.

In the following quaintly formal letter the parents of Welsh brides sometimes bid their friends attend the wedding and bid them also not come empty-handed: "Whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow will be thankfully received and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion. The parents of the bride and bridegroom-elect desire that all gifts due to them will be returned to them on the above date and will be thankful for all favors granted."
—Troy Times.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, doesn't your conscience tell you when you have done wrong?
Tommy—Yes, ma'am; but it doesn't tell my mother.—Kansas City "Independent."



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Fluffy's Finish.

The following advertisement recently appeared in a Louisville (Kan.) paper:

"Lost—One dollar reward will be paid for the return of my Maltese kitten; white cross on throat, blue ribbon about neck; answers to name of Fluffy.—Mrs. X. Y. Brown." And immediately under it appeared the following: "Reward—I will pay \$3 reward for the hide of said cat.—X. Y. Brown."—Topeka "State Journal."

Advance in Learning.

Time was when in one of our Canadian universities the same man lectured on history (ancient, mediaeval and modern), English, Italian and Gothic; in another the Professor of Classics and the Professor of Modern Languages and English depended for assistance on a single all-round linguist, while in a third the Professor of Modern Languages was also Professor of Hebrew, and acting Professor of Greek and Latin, and spent his spare time looking after the interests of English. Less than twenty years have passed, and to-day the work of these three individuals is distributed between twenty-two members of the various faculties concerned. From this concrete example one gets an idea of the advance of learning in these departments of university work, none of them, be it observed, belonging to the so-called scientific side.—Professor Keys, in February "Canadian Magazine."

"Texas is one of the most moral States in the Union," said Opie Read, the lecturer. "Now, don't laugh. An old Kansas man now living there told me so. No swearing there at all. Why, the only swearing I heard there was myself talking about railroad trains, and that wasn't real cussing—just justifiable criticism. Great train service they have in Texas. Cotton Bolt train came in on time in a little town on the line, and the Commercial Club was so pleased it raised a purse for the engineer. Honest man, he was, though, and he said, 'I can't take this money, friends; this is yesterday's train.'—Kansas City "Journal."

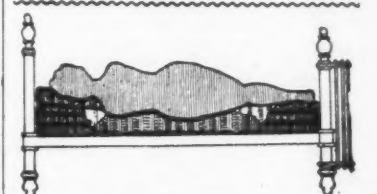
A liar is either so depraved that he is not ashamed to be known as a liar, or so stupid as to imagine that he can be a liar without being found out.—Home and Abroad.

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CHARLES DICKENS.

The 94th anniversary of whose birth was celebrated on February 7. The Toronto branch of the Dickens Fellowship commemorated the event by holding a dinner.

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free from grit and acid. Prevents accumulation of tartar. Will not injure the enamel of the teeth. Ask your dentist.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Almost its greatest use is to prevent sickness. ABBEY'S SALT keeps you so well, that there is no chance of Stomach, Liver and Bowels going wrong. It is the ounce of prevention that is worth tons of cure.

AT DRUGGISTS. 250 AND 600 A BOTTLE

How Lincoln Chose a Secretary.

When I was editor of a weekly paper in Illinois, says William O. Stoddard to "Success Magazine," in the late fifties, I felt a great interest in a Springfield lawyer and ex-congressman named Abraham Lincoln. I had heard him speak several times. There was something in the man that commanded instant attention, and every time you saw or heard him your respect increased.

Everybody was talking about the coming nomination for the presidency, and one day I dashed off a little editorial suggesting that Mr. Lincoln had had experience at Washington as a representative, was able and fearless, and would be a good man to lead the nation in the crisis that we could all see impending. On reading what I had written, before giving it to the printer, I felt that the idea was such a good one as to be worth circulating beyond the confines of the rather limited clientele of my own paper. I had two hundred and fifty proofs pulled, one of which I sent to each of the papers in Illinois. Many of them printed it when I did, and thus we started the presidential boom of Mr. Lincoln.

During the campaign I supported him with all the strength of my pen and tongue, but had received no recognition from him; and, when I dropped in to see him, at Springfield, to pay my respects after his election, I had no confidence that he would know anything about me. He put out his long arm and gave me a pump-handle shake, exclaiming: "I'm glad to see you, young man. I rather suspect that you are one of my good friends. Isn't it so?" I assured him that it was.

"Why, of course it is," he said, heartily. "I know that, perhaps, better than you guess. How would you like to go to Washington?" The suddenness of this proposal took my breath away. "Why, why, I am pretty well satisfied where I am, Mr. Lincoln," I answered, hesitatingly. "but, if I could go on your personal staff, I—"

"Now, that's a compliment," he interrupted, laughing, "but it happens to be just what I was thinking of. Go home and write me a letter, so that we can get this thing down in black and white."

I went home and wrote the letter, and, in a day or two, received Mr. Lincoln's reply appointing me one of his private secretaries. In this off-hand way he reshaped my life.

Wanted to Know Too Much.

Recently there was a series of burglaries committed in the fashionable section of Baltimore. So anxious were the police authorities to apprehend the culprits that instructions were issued to the roundsmen to exercise extraordinary vigilance during their tours of inspection.

On one occasion, just after midnight, an officer saw emerging noiselessly from a house in Eutaw Place a young man, who hastily darted down the street. The officer made after him as rapidly as possible. When he had stopped the young man, he said:

"Didn't you come out of the corner house just now?"

The young fellow, though of quite a respectable air, seemed ill at ease. "I did," he answered, with some confusion.

"Do you live in that house?" sternly demanded the officer.

"That's an impertinent question," replied the young man, in a tone of great indignation. "I don't see what business of yours it is, so long as her father doesn't object."—"Success."

A Regard for Appearance.

A milliner endeavored to sell to a colored woman one of the latest season's hats at a very moderate price. It was a big white picture hat.

"Law, no, honey!" exclaimed the woman. "I could never wear that. I'd look jes' like a blueberry in a pan of milk."—"Ladies' Home Journal."

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Anecdotal

"The vicissitudes of actors," said James K. Hackett, "are incredible. There was Brown, who went touring in South Africa last year. I met Brown's cousin yesterday. 'Well, how is Jim?' I asked. 'Jim?' said the cousin; 'body o' me, man, Jim is dead.' 'Dead?' How did he die?' 'Pelted to death with eggs at Cape Town,' the cousin answered. 'But eggs don't kill,' said I. He smiled sadly, and murmured: 'Ostrich eggs do.'"

Some time ago an Irish priest was appealing to one of his congregation to give up whiskey. "Surely, Pat," said he, "you must know what ill effects will follow upon the excessive use of this poison. Leave it alone, my man, and use water." "Ah, father," replied Pat, "your advice is good to be sure, but the doctorths towd me I've an iron constitution, and faith I'm afraid I might rust."

A serious-minded London lady was bringing an interview with a cook to a satisfactory conclusion when the question came: "Do you have family prayers, m'm?" The lady, much pleased, replied "Always." "Morning and evening?" asked the cook. "Both—certainly," was the proud reply. "Then I must mention," said the cook, "that I shall require two guineas extra."

A lady who did not speak French tried vainly to make her dressmaker, who did not speak English, understand that she wanted her collar attached to the outside of her blouse. After various failures she exclaimed at last in despair, "Mettez à l'Impériale" (the outside of a tram or omnibus). This was successful, and the work was done as she wished.

No true sportsman aims at a bird unless on the wing. A certain story goes, however, that "Arry from Cockneyville was on a certain occasion observed by a watchful keeper deliberately levelling his gun at a pheasant walking on the ground about twenty yards off. "You're never going to shoot while it is walking," cried the horrified keeper. "Oh dear, no," retorted "Arry, "I'm waiting till it stops."

Senator Pettus of Alabama was writing with a noisy, spluttering pen. Laying the pen down, he smiled and said: "Once I was spending the evening with friend of mine in Selma. We sat in the dining-room and from the kitchen came a dreadful scratching sound. 'Martha,' said my friend to the maid, 'what is that scratching in the kitchen?' It must be the dog trying to get in.' 'Huh!' said Martha, 'dat's no dwag scratchin' de do'. Dat's de cook a-writin' a love-letter to her honeysuckle.'"

Dilating on the necessity for precise instructions, Lord Balfour, at a London dinner, told an amusing story relating to the Sudan Railway. To an official, he said, there came a telegram from an outlying station: "Stationmaster has died. Shall I bury him?" The reply was sent: "Yes, bury stationmaster; but please make sure he is really dead before you do so." In due time came back the message: "Have buried stationmaster. Made sure he was dead by hitting him twice on the head with a fishplate."

A Roman Catholic priest and a Protestant clergyman who were neighbors and really good friends, but liked to have a poke at one another occasionally, met one morning in the course of their duties and the following conversation took place. Protestant clergyman: I say, father, have you heard about this terrible affair that's just happened? Roman Catholic: No; what is it? Protestant: Well, the floor of purgatory has given way, and all the Roman Catholics have tumbled into hell. Roman Catholic: Oh dear, dear! What a crushing those poor Protestants will get.

A churchman was travelling through the country with an evangelist. At a village a meeting was held at which an announcement was made that the proceeds of a collection to be taken would be turned over to a missionary fund. In the audience was a man who was publicly known to oppose foreign missions, and who was also suspected of being an agnostic of the deepest dye. The churchman in the course of the collection passed this man the box. The other pushed it away with a sneer on his face. The churchman, thrusting the box under the fellow's nose, said: "Here take some—it's for the heathen."

Professor Starr, the famous ethnologist, was accusing a woman of barbarism. And she is not only barbarous—she is illogical and inconsistent!" he exclaimed. "I was walking in the country one day with a young woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to shin up a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from a certain angle it was possible to see in it three eggs. 'You wicked little boy,' said my companion, 'are you going up there to rob that nest?' 'I am,' the boy replied, coolly. 'How can you?' she exclaimed; 'think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs.' 'Oh, she won't care,' said the boy; 'she's up there in your hat.'"

On one occasion a great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to Gilbert Stuart, a celebrated artist and a great braggart. When Hull visited his studio Stuart took great delight in entertaining him with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the marquis of this and the baroness of that, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been ac-



SOME GREAT BRITISH LANDOWNERS.

1. The Duke of Fife, owner of about 249,300 acres. 2. The Duke of Portland, owner of about 183,200 acres. 3. Lady Mary Hamilton, the wealthiest woman in Great Britain. 4. Lord Lovat, owner of about 181,800 acres. 5. The Duke of Devonshire, owner of about 180,000 acres. 6. The Marquis of Bute, owner of about 117,000 acres. 7. The Duke of Sutherland, owner of about 1,358,600 acres. 8. The Duke of Atholl, owner of about 202,000 acres.

In the good, old days of open voting, such wealthy landowners as those whose portraits are given would have been able to choose their own members of Parliament in British elections. It would not have been good policy for tenants to refuse their wishes.

customed. Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandeur, Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sinner, came in, with apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchiefs, from the kitchen, and cried out: "Do you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" to which Stuart replied, with great presence of mind, "Ask your mistress."

The Stoker.

In the darkness under the world, His roof is the coal-dust cloud o'er head, And dust is the floor beneath him spread, And the mole in garden sod Knows more of the sweet daylight than he Who swings his shovel in bunker three, Or tugs at the furnace rod.

Down deeper than engine purrs and swags, On the grimy under side of things, He leaps when the bugles blow And great guns thunder in sudden flight; And then, pent there in the choking night, Shifts the coal heaps to and fro.

He hath visions of deeds 'twere good to do— Of a man's part cleanly played clean through Aloft in the open sun— But his to sweat by the furnace door, And reel at last to the reeling floor When his captain's fight is won.

Other dreams come to him yet more dear— Of God's wide sky, and a sea glass-clear, And a salt wind, cool, cool, cool! To him of the pit a breath divine That his shriveled soul drinks in like wine, In a dream-draught rich and full.

Small is his meed if the old flag win, And if it lose—then a louder din, A rent in the iron wall, And death swirls in through the jagged gate, And the stoker finds in the hold his fate And coffin and grave and all.

God keep thee, shipmate; and some good day May He from heaven's bridge stoop and say, "O man by the doors of hell, Come up! For the stifling toil is past, And the good ship rides in port at last; All's over and all is well; Come up to the deck of the world!" —William Hervey Woods, in "Scribner's Magazine."

Dawn Refused to Appear.

Business had not been good at the Thespian temple of a Midland town, and various tradesmen were pressing the management for payment. As a last appeal to an unappreciative public a play, "For Honor and for England," was put on. One scene was played in semi-darkness. The hero, sitting in a log hut, was waiting for daybreak designed to bring him deliverance from his woes or disaster. "The dawn at last!" he exclaimed. "Bright Phoebus glides yonder mountain peak!" "Bright Phoebus glides yonder mountain peak!" he repeated in louder tones, annoyed that the cue to turn up the footlights had not been noticed. Still the darkness continued. "Bright Phoebus glides yonder mountain peak, I say!" he roared. "Well, giv'nor," came in clear tones from the gasman at the wings, "I reckon you'd better git along without Phoebus. They've cut the blessed gas off!"—"Exchange."

A Scared Lion.

A group of loungers were discussing the recent escape of a lion at one of the summer parks just outside of Newark, and one expressed his belief that it must have been something of a scare.

"Scare!" echoed a man connected with the park. "I should say it was a scare. The people made such a din I was afraid the poor old fellow would die of fright before we could get him back to his cage. 'We found him hiding behind a tree, and it was ten minutes before we could induce him to face that yelling mob and get back to where he knew he was safe. He is the gentlest old fellow in the world, and never would have wandered out had he not been frightened by the man who fell above. Of course that upset him, and when he saw the door open he naturally ran out."

"Then the people made such a noise that his idea was to flee. The more he ran the more they yelled, and when we did get him back it was hours before he stopped trembling."

"It was a shame to scare the poor old fellow like that."—"New York Press."

Bear Fight in Philadelphia.

A little poodle dog that was running along ahead of a stately dame on Chestnut street yesterday afternoon was hardly bigger than a rat, but he was as pugnacious and spunky as a bulldog. Between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets he attracted his mistress' attention by a few short chirping barks and a tug on the chain that held him in. Looking in the direction of the dog's pointed nose, the mistress saw a street fakir operating mechanical tops on the sidewalk. One of these was a dancing bear, about six inches high, which, when wound up, would work its way all over the pavement. The antics of the imitation animal amazed the high-bred dog, who after gazing at it in anger for a moment suddenly pulled the chain from his mistress' hand and went for bruin. A few moments of biting and tearing left nothing but the battered mechanism on the sidewalk. Both the fakir and the woman were powerless to interfere, and everybody enjoyed the "fight" so much that they would not interfere, consequently the demolition of the bear was effected in a short time. When a policeman arrived he found a satisfied fakir with more than twice the price of the bear added to his wealth; a flushed woman, a victorious poodle and a dispersing crowd of smiling men and boys.—Philadelphia "Record."

A Long-Distance Lecture.

A pretentious person recently said to Colonel Green of Woodbury, N.J. "How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your town?" "Very well, sir; very well indeed," answered the Colonel. "A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture by you in this town." The lecture never came off.

"John," exclaimed the indignant other half of the combination, "do you see this blonde hair on your coat just where one of the buttons is missing?"

"Yes, my dear," meekly replied John.

"Well, sir?" she queried in a tone that demanded an explanation. "Oh, it's all right," answered the head of the house, as he winked at the cat. "I put the hair where you found it for the purpose of attracting your attention to the button which has been missing for nearly a week." —Chicago "News."



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WHAT may be justly called the great local musical festival of the year—the cycle of concerts by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh orchestra—will monopolize the attention and the patronage of the musical community for the greater part of next week. The memorable production will be, of course, the performance of Beethoven's colossal Ninth Symphony, for chorus and orchestra, which will receive its first presentation in Toronto. One knows how the Pittsburgh orchestra will render their part of the work, but the public may not yet know that the Mendelssohn Choir has never before had a body of singers so efficient in execution and precision, so splendid in volume and tone color, so admirably rehearsed. I had the privilege of being permitted to attend the Tuesday's rehearsal of the symphony, and can give my personal testimony to the fact that the extreme difficulties of their score have been successfully overcome by the chorus, and that their music, so far from sounding complex, gives the impression of being clear and simple. If the soloists are as competent as the choir and orchestra, we may expect a most illuminative interpretation. The four programmes of the festival contain many other masterpieces, both orchestral and choral, all replete with interest and beauty, but the Beethoven symphony night will, I think, be looked forward to as of supreme importance.

Owing to the great demand upon my space last week, two concerts were passed unnoticed. One was the recital by Miss Adele Blackford, soprano, in St. George's Hall on the night of the "Samson" production, who has evidently a large circle of admirers, for notwithstanding the competition of a big event, she attracted a large audience that filled the auditorium. Miss Blackford, who has a bright, sweet voice, a finished method and a winning style, contributed a delightful selection which embraced so varied a list of composers as Wagner, Noel Johnson, Wilhelmj, S. H. Woodman, Meyerbeer, Francis Leon and Ellen Wright, and won a pronounced triumph by the musical charm of her renderings. She was assisted by Mr. Frank Blackford, violinist, who contributed several exacting solos, with sterling qualities of tone and reading, and Mr. Jolliffe, baritone, who sang his numbers with much warmth of feeling and in excellent voice. Miss Cunningham accompanied with ability. The second concert was that given by Miss Mildred Lawson in the Conservatory of Music Hall, which was crowded by a fashionable audience. Miss Lawson, who has been carefully trained, was especially felicitous in her treatment of two numbers by Goring Thomas, and another by Somerville, which she rendered with suggestive significance and with sympathetic appreciation of the sentiment of each. Mr. Hubert Eisdell won enthusiastic applause for his singing, and Mr. Paul Hahn and Miss Mary Caldwell added to the pleasure of the evening by their respective numbers on the piano and violin, both revealing brilliant technique and command of tone. Mr. Albert Nordheimer's new "Dance Melodique" was introduced by Mr. Hahn, and caught the fancy of the audience at first hearing.

While it is a well-known fact that the fame of the Mendelssohn Choir and its eminent conductor has traveled far beyond the confines of our own country, it is more than gratifying to find that its work is recognized by the press of our sister republic. A Rochester paper, in a recent issue, speaks as follows: "Toronto is to be congratulated on the position it is attaining in the musical world. With one possible exception, (the Worcester Festival Choir), the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, has the highest reputation of any chorus on the continent. It is one of the few choirs that dares to go outside its own city and face the judgment of musicians who are not personally interested in its success, and the impression they have made in Buffalo is one of sincere admiration. Nor are the Toronto people lacking in initiative. On the 13th, 14th and 15th of this month, they will have as visitors the Pittsburgh Orchestra. Together the choir and orchestra will perform Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Grieg's 'Olav Trygvason,' and Mendelssohn's 'First Walpurgis Night.' When will Rochesterians take heart of grace and either emulate the achievements of the Toronto choir or invite them and the Pittsburghers to do the Ninth Symphony. Think of it; Rochester has never heard this wonderful work!" Following the Toronto concerts, the choir will travel to Buffalo on February 22, and give a concert in association with the Pittsburgh Orchestra. Already this concert has been heavily subscribed for, and following the example of the Mendelssohn Choir in Toronto, the subscriptions are limited to a small number to each subscriber. For the Toronto concert the plan opens to the general public to-day, February 10, at Massey Hall, at 9 a.m. and although the subscription has been a large one, there will be a considerable number of seats on sale at that hour.

The executive committee of the New York Symphony orchestra have decided to permanently increase the strings by ten additional members, making the actual strength of the orchestra 97, or 17 more than they brought to Toronto for the National Chorus Concert. The distribution of

the strings will be 18 first violins, 18 second violins, 14 violas, 12 violoncellos, and 10 basses. Such an orchestra with the splendid wind band they have already ought to produce superb effects.

Writing about the musical situation in London, Mr. E. A. Baughman in the "Music Lovers' Calendar," the first number of which is to hand, says: "In general our weakness is in home-made music. That is to say, if you eliminate the concerts and recitals given by foreign artists, there is but very little music remaining. Our strongest point is in orchestral concerts. The British orchestral player has been praised from time immemorial, and only the other day Nikisch gave me a private opinion of the London Symphony Orchestra which was very flattering. We are not holding our own in choral music—London is not to be compared with the provinces in this respect—and we have no really first-class string quartets. Opera, of course, is an exotic as it is in America. But the performances at Covent Garden have greatly improved in ensemble during the last decade, and this year, the "Ring," conducted by Dr. Richter, was an especial triumph."

Mr. Bispham, although an American, is candid enough to make the following admission—"The English speaking voice is much more beautiful than the American voice. On the streets one hears it, deeper and quieter than the high-pitched screaming one hears in the American streets. It is painful to hear some cultured American women talk. Their voice tones are musical and sweet enough when they speak low, but they have tones that are truly like that of a saw going through wood, or worse, when they raise their voices. I have been at some of the college towns where young men are supposed to be taught culture, and not only is their language slangy and common, but their voices are painful in their sharp, harsh quality."

Conductor Fletcher has come to the conclusion that the similarity of names between the Toronto Choral Union and the People's Choral Union may lead to confusion, and he will, accordingly, change the title of the Toronto Choral Union after March 1, to the Schubert Choir of Toronto. This chorus is composed almost altogether of graduates from the People's Choral Union.

Owing to a greater demand for Mr. Armstrong's services as vocal teacher, he will not make his home in Philadelphia as he proposed doing, but will remain in Toronto, much to the satisfaction of his numerous friends.

Mr. Russell S. McLean, former baritone soloist of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, and pupil of Dr. Albert Ham, has been appointed soloist in the quartette choir of Washington Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, New York. His many Toronto friends will congratulate him on the appointment.

Mr. A. S. Vogt has received two offers from important United States cities—one to take charge of the organ and choir of an influential Presbyterian church, and the other to found a choir on the lines of the Mendelssohn choir. These approaches are, of course, very gratifying to Mr. Vogt as a recognition from outside of the valuable services he has rendered in Toronto in the cause of music, and of the estimation in which he is held as a general musician. I do not think it likely, however, that Mr. Vogt will accept either of these offers. He has made his mark in Toronto and has been given so much encouragement and support in his great and far-reaching educational enterprises, that he should be very well satisfied with his environment.

The Toronto District Royal Templars of Temperance gave an attractive concert at Massey Hall on Friday evening of last week, in aid of the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives. There was a large audience, who showed generous appreciation of the efforts of the artists. One of the great successes was made by Miss Mabel Manley in her solo song, the "Vilanelle," by Del Aquila, which difficult number she sang with clear-cut execution, and with rare beauty of tone. Mr. Sherlock presented his Male Quartette, who contributed several numbers with smoothness of style and unanimity of ensemble, while appearing in a duet with Miss Manley and in solo with his accustomed distinction. Mr. George Dixon regaled with warm feeling Lang's "Irish Love Song," Miss Emma T. Irons gave several recitations very pleasingly, Mr. Paul Hahn played three violoncello solos with taste, and a good sustained singing tone where that was demanded, and Miss Perle Chelaw acted as accompanist to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music a vocal recital was given by pupils of Dr. Nordheimer. Those who took part were: Eveline Ashworth, Katharine Ellis, Ethel M. Robinson, and also Letitia Cairns, who contributed a group of piano solos. Following is the programme: "Horror," "The Bird and the Rose," "Bevan," "Flight of Ages," "Gounod," "O Divine Redeemer," "Tongue," "Show me Thy Ways," "Haberber," "Barcarolle," "Leschetizky," "Impromptu," "Verdi-Liszt," "Rigoletto," piano; Adams, "The Light of the World"; Bohm, "Silent as Night";

Chopin, "The Maiden's Wish"; Spohr, "Rose Softly Blooming"; Coenen, "Lovely Spring"; Ardit, "Magnetic Waltz."

On Thursday evening, February 1, a violin recital was given by Ethel Evans, a promising pupil of F. C. Smith, assisted by Nellie Van Camp, soprano, pupil of Dr. F. H. Nordheimer. The following programme was given: Tartini, violin sonata in G minor; Rubinstein, "Thou'rt like unto a Flower"; Lehmann, "Roses After Rain," vocal; Saint-Saens, "Le Cygne"; Bohm, "Gavotte"; Bach-Gounod, "Ave Marie," organ accompaniment, by Dr. F. H. Nordheimer; Massenet, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," Samson and Delilah; De Beriot, Air Varié No. 1.

Arthur Bird, the American composer, has apparently made his home permanently in Berlin, where he has resided for the last twenty years. Once in a while his caustic pen contributes an article to an American periodical. In one of these, printed in the January "Musician" (Boston), he remarks concerning Max Reger's "Sinfonietta":

"Intoxicated Regerites invariably declare, when everything else fails, 'But the polyphonic work is masterly.' This reminds me of the celebrated surgeon who, after having performed a difficult operation, said triumphantly: 'The operation was a complete and brilliant success,' but forgot to add, the patient died during it. So it is often with Reger. His score on paper is a brilliant mathematical wonder, but it kills the audience. If really good music hath charms to soothe the savage, such kind of music hath charms to make one savage."

Mr. Bird considers Mahler much more interesting than Reger: "If he is not in any sense of the word a genius, he knows how to paint skillfully other people's ideas in glowing, original and perfectly toned colors. His orchestration is the ideal of tonal gluttony; it is fascinating, magnetic, seductive. As to orchestral coloring and euphony, I can safely say his scores are unequalled by any living composer."

Fifteen new operas were produced last season in Germany, but none of them, apparently, has survived. Curious differences of taste between America and Germany are to be noticed. In New York (as in London) Puccini is much more popular than any other modern Italian, but in Germany he had only 53 performances, as against Leoncavallo's 238 and Mascagni's 217. Lortzing is entirely ignored in America, whereas in Germany he came next to Wagner in the number of performances. Wagner had 1,642 (a gain of 138 over the preceding operatic year), and Lortzing had 643. Next on the list came Verdi (533), Mozart (444), Weber, neglected in New York (338), Bizet (332), Meyerbeer (212), Beethoven (182).

The well-known English vocal teacher William Shakespeare writes: "Like all other arts, singing has its time of drudgery, and it is not all romance that Porpora taught Caffarelli from one sheet of exercises for five years, and then dismissed him with these words, 'Go my son, you are the greatest singer living.' I know to my cost how long the training of a vocalist must take, for I kept me for a year and a half to the air 'Ecco ridente' from Rossini's 'Barbiere di Siviglia.'"

CHERUBINO.

The first students' recital by the pupils of the Conservatory School of Expression was presented on Friday evening February 2, in the Conservatory Music Hall, to an audience of over four hundred people. The programme was interesting and varied. The selections were well chosen from the works of such representative authors as Kipling, Barrie, VanDyke and Riley, and the arrangement and treatment of the excerpts showed an accurate knowledge of sequence and dramatic situation. The young ladies taking part were: Merle Cronie, Kittie Frithe, Mabel Dillon, Gertrude Tewlesy and Alice Jenkes. There was no imitation or artificiality in the rendering, but all the readings were marked by a charming simplicity and naturalness of style. The students assisting on this occasion were Miss Martha Fudger, vocalist, pupil of Mrs. Ryan-Burke, Miss Jessie Allan and Mr. Earnest Freure, pianists, pupils, respectively, of Mr. A. S. Vogt and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp.

Tommy—Pa, did you really mean it when you said you'd spank anyone that broke that vase?

Pa—Just come here, sir, and I'll show you.

Tommy—Don't show me. Show Bridget; she just broke it—"Scissors!"

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Extension Tables, solid quarter-cut oak, golden, hand polished shaped rim, very massive and artistic leg, size of top 46x46 inches, extends 8 feet, February Sale price **15.00**

Hall Racks, quarter-cut oak, golden polish finish, very large shaped British bevel mirror, elaborately hand carved, deep seat, massive and handsome, worth regularly \$24.00, February Sale price **18.75**

Buffets, solid quarter oak or mahogany veneered, handsome shaped British bevel mirror, velvet lined cutlery drawer, a china closets, and large linen drawer, solid brass trimmings, worth regularly \$46.00, February Sale price **37.50**

Combination Sideboard and Buffet, solid quarter-cut oak, golden finish, hand polished, very massive and stately, large British bevel mirror, hand carved standards, a china closets, velvet lined cutlery drawers, large linen drawer and two liquor closets, worth regularly \$75.00, February Sale price **50.00**

Parlor Suite, 3 pieces, large and massive, very handsomely carved, mahogany polish finish frames, spring seats and edges, buttoned and tufted backs, upholstered in choice silk brocatelles, worth regularly \$110.00, February Sale price **79.50**

Parlor Cabinets, solid mahogany, elegantly hand carved, plush lined case, bent glass panels, 3 sides, mirror back, a glass shelves, February Sale price **51.00**

Parlor Tables, solid mahogany, very handsome designs, richly hand carved and polished, February Sale prices from \$13.50 to \$30.00.....

Parlor Divans, solid mahogany frames, hand carved, deep spring seats, upholstered in magnificent embroidered silk covering, February Sale **45.00**

Music Cabinet, mahogany polish finish, ornamented with inlay and brass rail, drawer and 5 shelves, February Sale price **10.00**

Combination Parlor and Music Cabinets, mahogany polish finish, handsomely carved, fancy top, with 2 oval plate mirrors, and bent glass door, large receptacle for music, February Sale price **24.75**

Parlor Chairs, large variety of designs, in imitation and genuine mahogany frames, plain or carved, upholstered in fancy silks, tapestries, Verones, etc., February Sale prices from \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

Bedroom Suites, solid quarter-cut oak, golden polish finish, very handsome design, beautifully hand carved, shaped British bevel mirror 28 x 30, size of dresser top 22x44, large combination washstand, and bed 72 inches high and 4 feet 2 inches wide, worth regularly \$54.00, February Sale price **41.00**

Bedroom Suite, solid quarter-cut oak, golden polish finish, magnificently hand carved, very large and massive, shaped British bevel mirror 30x44, size of dresser top 24x48, large combination washstand, and bed 4 feet 6 inches wide, worth regularly \$98.50, February Sale price **75.00**

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IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE AGAINST WAR.

THE old warning, "In time of peace prepare for war," is being turned around by certain Germans and certain Englishmen, who "view with alarm" the threatening glances which the British lion and the German eagle have been exchanging across the North Sea. The latest manifestations of the peace movement are two remarkable letters that appear in the London "Standard," one signed by forty Germans eminent in science, art, and literature, and the other by a company of equally eminent Englishmen, headed by Lord Avebury. In the former letter England and Germany are spoken of as naturally destined to be friends. "Germany," we are told, "has no sinister designs against England," and the frequent printed rumors to the effect that Germany is hostile to England are declared to be "sowing sentiments that in an emergency would render difficult, and perhaps impossible, the task of those responsible for the peace between the two countries." The German letter continues:

"We can state that none of us, though living in widely distant parts of Germany, and moving in different spheres of German society and party life, has ever heard an attack on England seriously discussed or approved of by any man or section of the German public worth noticing; nor have we met anybody in Germany who credited the Government with intentions or plans for a war on England. The naval policy of the Government, whether approved of or resisted, is everywhere in Germany understood and manifestly seen to be directed solely to providing what the Government consider adequate protection for the growing mass of German shipping, and certainly not at entering wantonly on any contest at sea."

The signers of the British letter say in reply:

"In welcoming the communication

from Germany our only regret is that any doubt should exist as to the recognition in England of the essential solidarity of British and German civilisation. We accept without reserve, and with warm gratification, all the assurances of our German friends believe that we, and those for whom we may speak, are not a whit less annoyed and misrepresented than they themselves by the affected belligerency of some of our journalists."

It is worth noting that these two great powers are about the only ones in Europe which have never tried conclusions in a war with each other.

RAILWAY HOSPITAL CARS.

THE question of railway hospital cars, which was recently given some attention by "Saturday Night," promises to become a large one with the traffic companies before long. Not only is the necessity of having proper coaches for the transport of invalids to and from hospitals being considered, but attention is being drawn to the fact that when a railway accident occurs, wrecking trains are soon on hand to clear the track, but no means are provided for the prompt and careful removal of the injured. In this connection the "Engineering News" of New York, in a recent editorial says:

At important towns, arrangements are usually made by which medical attendance can be secured when required, and the tool car of the wrecking train is sometimes equipped with stretchers, bandages and blankets, or even with a small medicine chest. In most cases, however, there is delay in preparing a relief train, and in getting doctors and nurses (with their equipment) to the scene, while the supplies and facilities are usually very inadequate, as the inevitable result of haste in getting the materials together in an emergency. Practically every railway and every division of

an important railway has its own complete wrecking equipment and organization. At the terminal or division point is a derrick car, tool car, etc.; and arrangements are made to have an engine always in readiness and men to form the crew whenever an alarm signal is given. Whenever a wreck occurs this train is hurried to the scene and the work of clearing the wreck is taken in hand at once. But the persons injured, employees and passengers alike, have frequently to remain unsheltered and unprotected for a considerable time, and are then perhaps given insufficient treatment and transported to the nearest town in freight cars or ordinary passenger cars whose jolting may cause intense suffering. In fact, many of the after-results of train accidents are considered to be due to the exposure and the delay in receiving proper treatment.

A few railways, however, probably not more than half a dozen in all, have made a small beginning in the establishment of hospital cars, to be kept in readiness at terminals or division points and sent out promptly to the scene of an accident. These cars are designed for the care and comfort of patients, are specially well fitted with springs to give an easy riding motion, and are fully equipped with all medical and surgical accessories. An operating table is usually provided for serious cases, but in general the car is usually employed only for minor and temporary treatment necessary to enable the injured persons to be transported in safety and comparative comfort to the nearest place where permanent hospital accommodation is available.

"Dearest," whispered Cordelia, after she had captured the coveted solitaire, "I have a confession to make. I am a cooking school graduate." "Oh, well," he rejoined, after the manner of one resigned to his fate, "we can board."—Chicago "Daily News."

Society at the Capital.

Socially the past week has been unusually quiet, and beyond the daily routine of small teas, luncheons, etc., which one has now become accustomed to expect as a matter of course, things have been on the whole inclined to be almost dull.

The death of the King of Denmark and the consequent period of court mourning at Government House has debarred the vice-regal party proper from entering into any social pleasures, and the dinner-dance for young people, and also the two dinner-parties which had been arranged for at Rideau Hall last week, necessarily had to be postponed. Measles at Government House, (this time Lady Ingestre being the unfortunate victim), has also been the cause of preventing the English visitors from entering into several social pleasures, but luckily the attack is very light, and the patient is now convalescing rapidly. The proposed trip to Montreal of the Governor-General and party will take place as originally arranged for the 12th of February, but it is not yet finally decided whether their English visitors will accompany them, although in all probability they will be induced to do so, and many gaieties are "en train" for the entertainment of the distinguished party of guests while in that attractive and hospitable metropolis.

Monday's events included a bridge-party at which Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow entertained about thirty ladies in the afternoon, and a tea which was given by Mrs. Crombie in honor of Mrs. George Allan of Toronto, when Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Victoria Grenfell and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams were among the guests.

Mrs. David Gilmour received on Monday and Tuesday, for the first time since her marriage, at her mother-in-law's residence, Trafalgar House, and had hosts of callers both afternoons. Her bridesmaids, Miss Elsie Ritchie and Miss Ethel Jones were with her, and attended to the duties of supplying the many visitors with "the cup that cheers," etc. The pretty young bride looked exceedingly well in a most becoming gown of pale pink broadcloth, the bodice of which was prettily trimmed with pearls and glittering sequins.

Three large teas comprised the sum total of Tuesday's social gatherings. Miss Keenan's, which was more in the nature of an At Home, was very large, and Miss Nanno Hughes of Toronto received with the hostess, who wore a very handsome gown of champagne colored crepe de Chine with slight touches of pink, Miss Hughes wearing a pretty Dresden muslin with corsage bouquet of lilies of the valley. Lots of brilliant red tulips brightened the tea-table where Mrs. E. J. Chambers and Miss Blackburn poured tea and coffee, which was dispensed among the many guests by several bright and active young girls, including Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Agnes Davis, Miss Anne Macdougall, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Katherine Moore, Miss Oliver and Miss Lily McGee. Hosts of guests, including all the older society leaders in the Capital, availed themselves of Miss Keenan's invitation, her tea being noted for their perfect details.

Mrs. Leonard Vaux also chose Tuesday for entertaining the younger set and the several brides of the season, among the latter of which Mrs. Vaux herself is numbered. Mrs. George McCarthy, Miss Elma Reid and Miss Gertrude Davies were in the dining-room at the tea-table prettily decorated with pink tulips and ferns, and those present included Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mrs. Norman Guthrie, Mrs. Clarence Burritt, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Shirley Gowen of Quebec, Miss Edith Fielding, the Misses McLeod Clark, Mrs. Fred Paget, Miss Mabel Ferguson, Miss Fortin of Winnipeg, Miss Bessie Hill, Miss Anne Macdougall, Miss Crombie and others. The youthful hostess looked very handsome in a gown of deep rose panne which was most becoming.

Mrs. Calderon was the honored guest on the same day at a most congenial tea given by her sister, Miss Ethel Bate, with whom Mrs. Calderon is now spending the winter during the absence in Bermuda of Mr. and Mrs. Newell Bate. All Mrs. Calderon's old chums were delighted to have her amongst them once more, and a most enjoyable hour or two was spent over the tea-cups on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. M. Courtney's tea on Thursday was one of the largest affairs of the week, and in spite of the intense cold, accompanied by a miniature blizzard, a large number of Ottawa's leading married ladies found their way to Mrs. Courtney's residence in Wilbroad street, and once inside the cosy and homelike rooms, one forgot the boisterous elements through which one had just battled. Miss Kingston and Miss Sparks presided over a table of dainties in the dining-room, and a second table at the end of the drawing-room was attended to by Miss May Griffin, Miss Elsie Smith, and Miss Edith Powell, with an able band of assistants, who moved among the guests with offerings of sweets, etc.

Another bright young guest in Ottawa at present is Miss Mary Brydges of Winnipeg, who is with Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams at Rideau Cottage, where on Wednesday evening a dinner-party is to come off in her honor. This fair guest was the "raison d'être" also of a bright, little tea given by Mrs. Lawrence Fortescue, in her cosy apartments on Friday, when those invited to meet her were: Mrs. Hugh Fleming, the Misses McLeod Clark, the Misses Lemire, the Misses Kingsford, Miss Crombie, the Misses Anderson and their guests, the Misses

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COMING TO SHEA'S.

The Misses Betty and Patty MacLennan of Montreal, and Miss Olmstead of Boston, are the popular guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Anderson of the Bank of Montreal, having come to town principally to participate in Mrs. Anderson's ball on the 7th of February, and on Friday evening their host and hostess gave a delightful little dinner for them, which, besides the house party, included Miss Kathleen Kirchhoffer, Captain Trotter, A.D.C., Mr. Morley Donaldson, Mr. Pugsley, Mr. John Thompson, Mr. Hensley and Mr. Appleton.

Although nothing in the way of a dance has transpired for the last two weeks, yet the near future holds out the promise of three, the first of which will be Mrs. Anderson's on Wednesday next, the second will be the Annual Ball in aid of St. Luke's Hospital, at the Racquet Court on St. Valentine's Day, which it is proposed to make a fancy or poudré affair, the guests to choose whichever form of costume they wish, and the third will be Mrs. Fred Booth's, which will also come off in the Racquet Court on the 16.

Dinners of the week, were fewer than usual, and several which did take place were given to welcome Captain Clive Bell to Ottawa again, and on Wednesday evening this popular ex-A.D.C., who was such a prime favorite in Canada during his former sojourn at Government House, was the "guest d'honneur" at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. James Smellie, and on the following evening, was the special guest at another delightful function of the same sort, to which Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery invited also the following guests: Senator, Mrs. and Miss Kirchhoffer, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mr. and Mrs. James Smellie, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Ethel Palmer, Captain Trotter, and Mr. C. J. Jones.

Mrs. G. W. Allen of Toronto was the guest of honor at Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber's luncheon on Friday, when the other guests invited were: Mrs. Kirchhoffer, Mrs. MacLennan, Mrs. Fitzhugh, Mrs. Lake, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Irwin, and Mrs. D. V. Eaton.

Ottawa, February 5, 1906.
The Chaperone.

A fond father in Somerville used to have a door-mat with the word "Welcome!" upon it. Now that his four daughters have grown up he has a new mat, with the inscription: "Beware of the Dog!"—Somerville "Journal."

Old Friends.

The Wife—What luck?
The Husband (wearily) — None whatever.
The Wife—Were there no servants in the intelligence office?
The Husband (sadly) — Lots of them; but they had all worked for us before.—"Woman's Home Companion."



Plain Tips
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Sporting Comment

LAST week's hockey was remarkable for its high scores. Barrie 15, Midland 2; Argonauts 23, Marlboroughs 5; Brockville 26, Montagnards 0, were exceptionally large scores, which showed an amazing disparity between so-called senior teams. Several other decisive victories were those of Queens over Varsity, 12-5, of Berlin over the St. Georges, 8-0, and of Peterborough over Uxbridge, 6-0. Such runaway matches are the rule rather than the exception amongst junior teams, but it is passing strange to see one senior team completely outclass another.

It would seem that the proposal which was voted down at the O. H. A. annual meeting, to give the executive power to transfer a team to the next lower series, should be given careful attention next year. One can easily see the disadvantages and drawbacks of the scheme. There is danger of discriminating groups and upsetting schedules, and there is need of an honest and discriminating executive. Nevertheless, if the rule were in force this season, it would work to the advantage of many clubs. Perhaps the Marlboroughs would never consent to the humiliation of being transferred to the Intermediate series, yet that is exactly where they belong. As it is they are making the worst showing a senior team ever made, and they have been compelled to default in the Intermediate series. From every point of view, their season is a fiasco. It might have been a moderate, perhaps a pronounced, success if they were playing intermediate.

Such a burlesque as last Saturday night's game does positive harm to hockey. The essence of the game is the struggle and competition. People want to see evenly matched teams, like a battle royal to the finish. If these uninteresting and one-sided exhibitions continue, public opinion will veer around to open professionalism. From an amateur point of view, it is a fine sight to see fourteen young men enjoying a healthy form of exercise. As long as the players get all the benefits of honorable rivalry, and a pleasurable pastime, it is no crying matter that the spectators yawn and stretch themselves in weariness. The matter of gate-money compels us to give up these ideal views and to respect the wishes of the spectator. He is an irritable person, who has a great horror of ennui and boredom. His cry is for excitement. He wants his blood stirred. He wishes something that is worth seeing and talking about, and as he contributes that monetary impulse which sets all sport in motion, his wants and his wishes demand consideration. Accordingly the O. H. A., the duty of which is to safeguard the interests of the game, would be quite warranted in considering some scheme to prevent such Waterloos and wholesale massacres as have taken place in the Mutual street rink this season.

The International Professional League, by all indications, is having a bumper season. There has been good ice and plenty of fast, hard-fought games. There is no more brutal and unreasonably rough play than in any other hockey league in America. Of the four teams, three, at the present time, although sixteen games have been played, are so close together that the championship is still undecided. The spectators are regaled to satiety with excitement. Frankly, an unbiased critic must confess that the Professional League is a success. It is the only possible kind of league for the district it covers. It does not do an injustice to amateurs for there are no amateur leagues which it supplants or out-rides. No one can object to it on the ground that it is selling under false colors, or cutting the throat of other organizations. At first, it was an experiment, but it is now past the experimental stage, and is in a mature stage of development.

A great many people predict that, with an artificial ice plant in Toronto, will come a professional league. We have professional base-ball, professional lacrosse, why not professional hockey? There is little doubt that it would attract public attention and be a financial success. The important question is whether it would deal a death blow to amateur hockey organizations. It would, beyond a doubt, impair their prestige, if amateur hockey remained at as low an ebb as it is to-day.

One of the greatest surprises of the season was the victory of Queens over Varsity, 12-4, last Friday. After their splendid showing against McGill, everyone expected that on their own ice the local students would defeat Queens. No one was prepared for their complete reversal of form. They could neither skate, check, nor shoot. It was something more than lack of condition. It was as if they had forgotten the very rudiments of the game. That Varsity hockey team has always been a thorn in the flesh, a tribulation of the spirit to anyone who ever backed them, believed in them or defended them against their critics. Harsh criticism seems to wilt them, praise to sap their stamina. They are as capricious as a race horse, and it requires unusual powers of prophecy to tell when they are going to lose or win a game. Manager after manager has toiled with them, the best professional advice has been asked and freely given, trials have been arranged for them, trainers engaged, but when the day of the race comes, in spite of the lusty cheering of a thousand loyal supporters, they balk, and are content to trail lengths in the rear. The next time, out with a crippled team, with five men to

seven, and referee, timers and umpires against them, they will defeat a championship team. That has been their history in the past, but it may be that to-day the reason for their non-success is simply inferiority and incapacity. They have, however, several really good men, and next Friday might defeat McGill in Montreal, or be hopelessly defeated. No one can tell. It all depends upon the humor they are in.

The game to-night between McGill and Queens in Kingston should be a first class exhibition of hockey. The Intercollegiate championship hinges upon the result. Queens have one of the best balanced teams seen in Toronto this year. Richardson and Walsh are fast and aggressive forwards, and work a very effective combination. The whole seven excel in team work, and always play sterling hockey. McGill, like most Eastern teams, play a clever and dashing game, and when at their best, give a brilliant exhibition. Kingstonians are sure of a treat when these two college septettes clash together.

The press reports of the Ottawa-Wanderer game in Montreal last Saturday, are vivid enough to make Torontonians sigh with envy. The two best teams in the East were playing faultless hockey, and what is more important, Ottawa lost, 3-4. This made Ottawa and Wanderers tie in the Eastern Canada League, and so it looks now as if the Wanderers would give Ottawa a hard fight for the championship. These two teams have played the games scheduled with one another, and will meet again only in case of a final tie. If former contests are any criterion, the sports of the Roman Amphitheater would yield to this one in fierceness and fatalities. Of course, the players never mean to hurt one another, but whenever the Wanderers and Ottawas meet to decide a championship, there is always work for the ambulance.

There is on foot a project which will be interesting to all lovers of golf, that is the organization of a new Golf Club with links up on the Credit river. A committee of eight well-known citizens has the matter in hand, and has secured an option on a property of 200 acres about a mile from the mouth of the river. Expert golf opinion has pronounced the site an ideal one, and the transportation problem, always important in country clubs, admits of easy settlement. It is inevitable that with the expansion of the city, golf clubs and other sporting organizations must go further afield to secure comfortable quarters. The proposed location of this new club is in every respect ideal. The scenes along the winding river are picturesque, and the distance from the city is just enough to make a visit in every sense a genuine recreation. It is likely that, if the club is formed, many summer cottages will be erected in the vicinity. Under these circumstances the Credit Golf Club cannot help becoming one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the neighborhood of the city. Mr. John E. Hall, who is so well-known in cricketing and golfing circles, is secretary of the provisional committee, and his experience and executive ability should go far to making the scheme a success.

It would be well for cricket to look to itself in England. Golf is encroaching on its preserves. A cricket-ers' inter-county golf tournament was held on the Scarborough Club's links at Ganton ten days' ago, and Yorkshire defeated Lancashire. Hon. E. S. Jackson, captain of the All England cricket eleven, was one of the foremost players, losing his match on the home green. In Canada golf has won away many of the leading cricketers, to the unspeakable surprise of those who have not been won away.

The Cricket Veteran.

THE cricket veteran is one of the ornaments of the game in Toronto. The true member of this species uses two crutches and is at least three score and ten in years.

I have seen some imperfect specimens who used but one crutch, and possessed but three score years. Some of these pass very successfully for veterans, but the connoisseur knows that the genuine article must have two crutches.

On a fine summer day you will have no trouble in finding at least one of these old fellows on any field where a game of cricket is going on. It is a fine sight to watch the look of tense rapture on his face, and the rare enthusiasm with which he moves his hands in feeble, but sincere applause. If you approach him, he at once puts on the mask of the critic, and remembers the part he has to play. Noblesse oblige is his motto, and never will he disgrace himself by praising the present at the expense of the past. If you speak enthusiastically of the game in progress, he will nod with a far-away look in his eyes, as if it were but the dregs of the rich cup he has drained. Then he will talk of games he has seen, and by degrees the tide will come bursting through the dykes, and you will be drowned in the flood of reminiscence.

Woe be it to you if you stop him once he is under way. He is your

enemy for ever afterwards, but if you make a good listener he will trumpet your praises abroad.

Listen to him then as he tells of the deeds of his youth and of the mighty men who played on prehistoric village greens. There was the mighty blacksmith, who drove the ball clean and true into the church belfry and romped and romped all day long between the stumps, making untold runs, while weary fielders vainly essayed to reach the ball. There was the demon bowler, the Great Plague personified to batters, who scattered wickets like chaff, driving balls fifty yards and once, mirabile dictu, the brass ferule of a stump clean through the ale-house windows, 100 yards away. Other marvels the veteran will relate with a joyous chuckle in his tremulous, old voice, and he will even insinuate that it is through gracious magnanimity and a desire to give the young a chance that he is not in the forefront of cricket warfare, to-day as in days of yore. Listen to him kindly, and help him on his crutches when the sun sets, and you will be a better cricketer and a better man for the deed.

After all, why should we complain against such veterans, capacious though they be? Their whims are at the worst but a pleasing folly. Rather should we honor them as relics of the past, which can never return, and accord to them the humility and graciousness they deny unto us.

Some Local Golfers I Have Met.

AVE you played in a club match against the dinky driver? His average stroke from the tee is one hundred and thirty yards or less, and the fact seems to affect his character, as, indeed, why should it not. But if you have played against him you will have learned that he really does not despise himself because of his drive nearly as much as he would have you believe. There was a time when the dinky driver strove with his Fate, took lessons from the "pro," tried long clubs and short ones, and whippy shafts and stiff ones, changed his stance, tried a half stroke, even quit the game for a while and stole back to it quietly, hoping that his drive would be all right. But it wasn't. While striving with Fate, the dinky driver spent

and always admitting that, of course, he was not in it with me. How he envied my strong, free-drives, my ripping brassies! How he despised his own dinky game. Beware the man who makes Uriah Heep professions of humility in golf. Do not let him get around you with his talk. It's his strategy. Perhaps he takes more scalps in a season than does the glad-hearted boaster who forgets all his strokes but the good ones. To be a dinky driver and yet win games right along, has in it a deep-seated, business-like satisfaction that other golfers know nothing about. The winner feels that mind has conquered matter.

LOFTER.

The Wrong Man.

MR. S. J. Solomon, the new Royal Academician, is a man of many friends and many accomplishments, best known, perhaps, to the British public, as the painter of those gigantic and vigorous canvases—the "Samson and Delilah," the "Cassandra," and the rest—that were the sensations of the Eighties. On Academy vanishing days the artists whose pictures have been accepted are permitted to retouch their work if they choose, and on one of these days, in a year when he exhibited one of his biggest canvases, Mr. Solomon had an amusing little adventure.

The artist, who wore a painter's smock, had just finished his retouching when a stranger came up and pressed half-a-crown into his hand, saying, "You are the man who washed my picture for me, aren't you?" Mr. Solomon, who saw that the other artist had mistaken him, owing to the smock, for one of the workmen engaged by the Academy to assist on vanishing day, entered at once into the humor of the thing. "No, sir," he said, touching his cap. "It was the other man; and the stranger went off ignorant of the fact that he had attempted to tip the painter of the picture of the year.

Happy Thought.

There is a very pretty girl in Syracuse who, with the best of motives and most kind intent, is generally as she herself expresses it, "in a mess." To a chum she recently said: "I seem to have offended Mr. de Lancey, and I can't imagine how. I sent him a little token on his birthday, and he acknowledged it in the coolest manner."

"What did you send?" her friend inquired.

"Well," she explained, "I wanted to give something that would have some connection with his lovely verses, you know, and by what was almost an inspiration I thought of a rhyming dictionary."

Usually Necessary.

Little Willie—Papa, why does the railway company have those cases with the ax and saw in every car?

Father—I presume they are put in to use in case anyone wants to open a window.—Puck

PARSIFAL.

"Parsifal," Richard Wagner's last and most lofty musical drama, was given an appropriate and excellent interpretation at the Toronto College of Music, on Friday evening last, by Mrs. Scott-Raff, of the School of Expression, and Mrs. Sullivan-Mallon. This has been known in Toronto in the past only as a musical work. Mrs. Raff, on this occasion, showed that it was a splendid work of dramatic literature, with deep spiritual significance, and containing many passages of rare literary beauty. This recital was, perhaps, the most ambitious work which she has yet attempted.

The recital was introduced with a brief sketch of the legend, explanatory of its spiritual bearing, and of the motives which inspired Wagner in its composition. The drama itself, which is in epic form, was divided into three parts—"The Coming of Parsifal," "The Tempting of Parsifal," and the "Crowning of Parsifal," and was accompanied throughout by appropriate excerpts from the musical score. In the garden scene, when Parsifal, the personification of Purity, resists Kundry, the beautiful temptress, who is acting under the influence of Klingsor, the evil one, Mrs. Raff was particularly effective, and displayed dramatic talent of a high order. The recital, as a whole, was beautiful, suggestive, and inspiring, and the difficult and lofty musical accompaniment was rendered with sympathetic judgment and artistic skill.

Little Johnny—What is your papa's business?

Little Clarence—My papa is a poet.

Little Johnny—Huh! That ain't a business—it's a disease.—Scissors.



"CANDIDATES FOR THE DAIRY." A pretty sextette of fine bred Jersey heifers on Price's farm at Erindale.

He got the Raise.

A year ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk. "What do you want?" he asked. "Want me pay raised?" "What are you getting?" "Tree dollars a week." "Well, how much do you think you are worth?" "Four dollars." "You think so, do you?" "Yessir, an' I've been t'inkin so fer tree weeks, but I've been so blame busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it." The boy got the raise. —The Search-Light.

An Unfair Fare.

Old Mr. Granby hated to accuse anyone of dishonesty; but the takings at the branch shop had fallen off so badly and so continually that there was no ignoring the fact any longer. He did not like it, but it had to be done, and he summoned the branch manager before him.

"There's a leakage in the takings somewhere, Mr. Stevens," he said gravely, "and I must ask you to tell me honestly, man to man, whether you have been taking money from the till?"

"All I have ever taken, sir," said the white-lipped Stevens hoarsely, "is my fare home every night, which I considered I was entitled to do."

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" said Mr. Granby gently. "But apparently, on that showing, you must live somewhere in the Orkney Islands, and it's too far, Mr. Stevens—it's too far. I must get a man who does not live so far away." —Answers.

Where was Bill?

Bill Jones is a country storekeeper down in Louisiana, and last spring he went to New Orleans to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were shipped immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the drayman his wife happened to look at the largest; she uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows: "Bill inside." —Ladies' Home Journal.

The Spinster—How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?

The Wife—Fifteen.

The Spinster—My goodness! Just think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! Well, I'm glad that I'm an old maid.—Columbus "Dispatch."

Just Like a Woman.

"It's just 7 o'clock," said Squibb, "and so you have plenty of time to dress yourself carefully for the theater. With this margin of time, Henrietta, you can surely have no excuse for being unprepared at the last moment, a trait wholly confined to your sex."

"Yes, dear, I'll start dressing now at once," said his helpmeet dutifully.

"And I myself will show you a good example in promptness," said Squibb kindly. "I'll start right in now myself. By the way, where are my things?"

"Here they are."

"Put the shirt studs in one, will you? And—er—by the way, this dress suit is rather rumpled. I must have tossed it about in the drawer. You are rather handy at those things, Henrietta; can't you press it into some sort of shape?"

"All right, dear."

"And while you are at it fix the pearls in my shirt front. Goodness! I wish you'd chase up my cuff links."

Mrs. Squibb flew round with deft and willing hands, gathered the masculine apparel together, while Squibb calmly dressed himself in the intervals of his rapid-fire directions. "Got my top hat?" he asked. "Good. Now please fix my necktie, and—why—er—"

Squibb gasped in surprise, looked at the clock hands, which pointed to 8, and then surveyed the flurried little woman.

"Goodness!" he said in fine scorn. "Aren't you dressed yet? Well, if that isn't just like a woman." —Chicago "Record-Herald."

He Wanted to Know.

"Young man," began the dignified gentleman in black dress, "have you fully considered the future? Have you made provisions for the hereafter? Is it not time—"

"Pardon me one moment, please; but are you a minister or a life-insurance agent?" —Milwaukee "Sentinel."

Literal Interpretation.

Bobby—Do I have to go to school, mother?

Mother—Of course, Bobby.

Bobby—Why, mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.—Detroit Free Press.

He (on his knees)—Darling, I love you with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all the strength of my being.

She—Are you in earnest, Clarence? He (reproachfully)—In earnest? Do you think I am bagging my trousers in this way for fun?—Clipped.

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SOCIETY

Miss McEnery of Dublin is visiting Miss Melvin-Jones.

Lieutenant Colin C. McLennan, of the 48th Bengal Pioneers, India, who has been on leave absence for a year, sailed from Halifax on the "Parisian" Monday last, and rejoins his regiment about the middle of March.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Moore announce the engagement of their daughter Helen to Robert George Dawe, C. E., son of Hon. Mr. Dawe, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Newfoundland.

The Lenten lectures in Trinity Convocation Hall will deal with Rome, ancient and modern. Professor Jenks of Trinity, Mr. G. W. Johnston, B.A. of Varsity, Professor Percy Hobbs of McGill, Professor Wrong of Varsity, Professor Young and Professor Routh of Trinity will, in turn, deal with Ancient Rome, Art and Life of Rome, Social Aspects of Roman Architecture, The Roman Tribune, Pictures and Painters, and Rome and Romance. Never has such a complete and interesting series been offered patrons of these Lenten lectures. The new design on the programmes is suggestive, and Miss Playter, 128 Crawford street, is the secretary-treasurer of the course. The first lecture is on February 24.

Mrs. J. B. Calder gave an At Home on Friday afternoon at her residence, 101 Ossington avenue, which was much enjoyed by her many friends, who were greeted by their hostess, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Jack Witchall, Mrs. H. G. Horton, Miss Edna Tate, and Miss Edith Witchall, were most attractive in the tea room, where the table was most daintily arranged, the decorations throughout the room being in pink. An orchestra on the landing played some delightful music during the afternoon.

On Wednesday, January 31, the third annual Phantom Ball was held at Sunnyside pavilion. A second ball will be held on February 21, as so many were unable to secure tickets for the first. On February 1, Miss White of Admiral road had an informal dance and supper at the pavilion, some sixty guests enjoyed it very much. On Friday, February 2, the Old Orchard Club had a hop at the pavilion, of about a hundred guests. On Thursday last, Mrs. Eastwood of 118 Winchester street gave a young people's dance for her debutante daughter. Lack of snow has interfered with the proposed sleighing party to precede this dance.

Mrs. D. G. Sutherland and the Misses Sutherland have returned from Europe, and will receive at 120 Bedford road, on the second and third Fridays of February and March.

Mrs. Cawthra's musical at Guiseley House was the event of Thursday evening.

His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor will open the Second Session of the Eleventh Parliament of Ontario, on Thursday, the 15th inst., at three o'clock in the afternoon. The Premier has placed the Council Chamber at the east end of the buildings at the disposal of ladies as a cloak room.

Mrs. James R. Roaf has gone to New York, and will not receive until the first Tuesday in March.

Mrs. William E. Buck, (née Talbot), will receive for the first time since her marriage, at her new home, 613 Bathurst street, on Friday February 16, afternoon and evening.

The formal opening of the new St. Andrews College buildings takes place next Wednesday afternoon, February 14, at three o'clock, to

which, and the prize giving, the President, Directors, and Principal issued invitations this week.

The Haya Yaka Club held its Fourth Annual At Home on Tuesday night in Temple Building.

Mrs. Brouse gave a girls' tea on Monday, for Miss Barrow and Miss Ina Matthews. Mrs. Denison of Rusholme, gave one on the same afternoon for the Misses Park.

The Misses Park left for Scotland yesterday, having won all hearts during their visit to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope have gone to Bermuda. Mrs. Arthur Jarvis went down to Montreal to see her daughter off.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rollahon have gone to Europe.

Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, (née Milligan), has gone to Los Angeles, California. Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie and the Misses Mackenzie, Mr. Angus Kirkland, and Mr. Rod Mackenzie, are having a grand time motoring around Pasadena, California. Mr. Rod brought his splendid motor all the way from Winnipeg for them.

The engagement of Mr. Harry C. Rae and Miss Rose Davidson, daughter of Mrs. S. Ferrar Davidson, is announced.

Mrs. Hamilton Cassels, Cecil street, gave a tea for her guest, Miss Hopkins of Brooklyn, on Thursday, February 1.

Mrs. Nordheimer gave a girls' luncheon early this week. Mrs. A. H. Walker, (née Newbigging), gave a very delightful bridge party on Monday.

Mrs. A. S. Irving and Miss Terry Irving, her grand-daughter, have gone to Europe.

Mrs. McCarthy and Miss Macdonald, have gone to the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. George Carveth gave a large bridge and euchre party last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Miss Ina Matthews, and Miss Barrow, have gone to Montreal. Miss Olive Logan has gone to Guelph. Mrs. Donald Edwards has gone to Collingwood. Mrs. Lally McCarthy has gone to Ottawa.

Mrs. Jukes Johnston gave a tea on Saturday, at her home in Bloor street West. Miss Hope Morgan gave a bridge party of four tables on the same afternoon. Mrs. Hal O'Hara gave a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon. The good-bye teas and dinners to the Misses Park have kept those charming girls on the jump for the past fortnight.

The engagement of Miss Margaret W. Crawford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Crawford of Durham, to Mr. J. S. Mortimer of Winnipeg, is announced. The marriage will take place at an early date.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Gilmour left this week for Sudbury, where the doctor's duties as surgeon of the James Bay Railroad will necessitate their remaining some months.

The annual reception in Guelph, last week, by Rev. Father Connolly, pastor of the Church of Our Lady, to the choir, with Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Rose Gay as hostesses, was very enjoyable. Music was furnished by an orchestra, and a recherché supper was served from tables decorated with green and white, and lighted by fairy lamps and candles. This improvement on the usual formal dinner was fully appreciated by a choir of thirty.

Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon returned to Ottawa on Friday, February 2.

Mrs. Arnold Ivey of Isabella street will receive Monday, February 12,

Mrs. Frank McCormick of London, who is visiting Mrs. Ivey, will receive with her.

Mrs. T. M. MacIntyre, formerly of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, has returned to the city from her summer home in Brampton, and will receive at the Arlington on the third and fourth Thursdays during February and March.

The Mendelssohn Choir concerts are next week's principal events.

The Cawley Club dance, given by Colonel Hall of St. George street, last Friday evening, was a great success. The next meeting of the Club will be held at the home of Mrs. Martin Scheak, 1370 King street West, on Friday evening, February 16.

Mrs. George Milligan of 163 Crescent road, Rosedale, has gone to New York, and will not receive until 2nd Monday in March.

Miss Henrietta M. Shore has gone to New York in connection with her art work.

Mrs. Harry J. Fairhead, (née Bowling), will receive for the first time since her marriage on Friday afternoon and evening, February 16, at her home, 80 Yorkville avenue.

Miss Kitty Rossiter, 235 Bathurst street, entertained the Lotus Social Club recently, receiving in white organdie much trimmed with lace. Progressive euchre, followed by a dance and a dainty supper, filled the evening hours. I am informed it was a most successful and joyous reunion.

Social Influences.

In England it is not what you know that is of importance, but who you know; not what you are, but who you are; not what you do for yourself, but what others will do for you. —"London Truth."

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES.

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The Faculty of the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression has been enlarged by the addition of two new members, namely, Miss Florence E. Lutz of Boston, as a teacher in Expression and Monsieur Guy de Lestard in Modern Languages. Miss Lutz has taught Expression most acceptably in the Curry School of Expression and other educational institutions of Boston. She is also a reader of distinction. Speaking of her reading of the play of "Macbeth," the "Boston Transcript" says: "Miss Lutz's rendering of the play of Macbeth showed a strong dramatic grasp of the play and particularly of the effect of the crime on Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's conscience." Monsieur Guy de Lestard is now well-known in Toronto, as the principal of the Berlitz School of Languages. He was recently appointed by the Ontario Government as teacher of French in the Model School.

A Matter of Orthography.

After a few weeks at boarding school Alice wrote home as follows:

Dear Father: Though I was homesick at first, now that I am getting acquainted, I like the school very much. Last evening Grace and Kathryn (my roommates) and I had a nice little chaffing-dish party, and we invited three other girls, Mayme and Carrye Miller and Edyth Kent. I hope you are all well at home. I can't write any more now, for I have a lot of studying to do. With love to all. Your affectionate daughter, Alyss.

To which she received the following reply:

My Dear Daughter Alyss: I was glad to receive your letter and to know that you are enjoying yourself. Uncle Jaymes came the other day, bringing Charls and Albyrt with him. Your brother Henrie, was delighted, for he has been lonely without you. I have bought a new gray horse whose name is Blylie. He matches nicely with old Freddie. With much love from us all, I am, your affectionate father, Wyllyam Jones.

The next letter from the absent daughter was signed "Alice."—"Woman's Home Companion."



Poet, (to Editor)—Here's a little thing I just dashed off. Editor—Couldn't you manage to dash it a little farther off?

Music as a Cure.

The idea of curing disease by music is not a new one, though its revival and modern application are novel. Pythagoras was a believer in its healing power, and the Hebrews frequently employed it for curative purposes. To a finely-strung temperament it acts as a nervous stimulant. An Italian physiologist who has recently been studying the effect of music on the brain of one of his patients, whose skull was so fractured as to lay bare the brain, observed that music actually enlarges the brain. As a cure it cannot be applied carelessly; there are kinds and qualities of music as there are of light. Every human being is endowed with his own keynote, and only those tones should be used that are in harmony with the patient's dominant or keynote. Several health resorts along the Mediterranean have introduced music for therapeutic purposes, and there is already one hospital in England devoted wholly to musical healing.

An Outside Opinion.

A cavalryman was one day engaged in laboriously "cleaning down" his rather raw-boned steed. An infantryman sauntered up, and, with his hands behind his back, leisurely inspected the operation. "Hulloa, John!" said the cavalryman. "Think you'd like to be in the cavalry?"

"Oh, yes," said the infantryman; "but only as a horse!"—"Exchange."

One Cause for Thanks.

The Rev. Moses Jackson was holding services in a small country church, and at the conclusion lent his hat to a member (as was the custom) to pass around for contributions. The brother canvassed the congregation thoroughly, but the hat was returned empty to its owner.

Bro. Jackson looked into it, turned it upside down, and shook it vigorously, but not a copper was forthcoming. He sniffed audibly. "Brederen," he said, "I sho' is glad dat I got ma hat back ergin."—"Harper's Magazine."

Excessive Realism.

A shy officer at a children's party at Government House, Calcutta, allowed himself to be covered by a tiger skin, and undertook to amuse the children while the Christmas tree was being lit up. His was a success four—till he found himself dragged from the room by several men. He inquired angrily what was up. "You've bitten the calf of the Viceroy's leg," they said. He went home swiftly.—"Vanity Fair."

Incorruptible Irish.

Striking is the fact that four-fifths of Ireland's representatives, most of them poor men, many of them very able men, have resisted all the blandishments of London life and Government patronage, and have stoutly preserved their independence. All but Irish Nationalists who enter Parliament are sustained by the inspiring possibility of attaining Cabinet rank, of receiving titles, or securing lucrative settlements for life. —"New York 'Nation'."

Britain Setting Military Fashions.

Great Britain is rapidly becoming the military leader of fashion among the nations of Europe. Khaki and smasher hats have been copied all round. The French infantry soldier has disguised his extremities in putties; and now the French are seriously proposing not to let their infantry officers carry swords on active service.

The Reason.

A teacher in a public-school of Boston once had great difficulty in imparting to a boy pupil of ten certain elementary principles of grammar. In class one day the instructor experienced more than the usual amount of trouble with the lad. In desperation, the teacher finally blurted out the question: "At least, you can tell me why we study grammar?"

"Yes, ma'am," returned the pupil, "we study grammar so that we can laugh at the mistakes of others."

Unmistakable Proof.

The estate owned by the late Colonel Crowninshield in a New England seaport town adjoins the pasture of a sturdy farmer. A valuable dog owned by the colonel used to get into the pasture and chase and worry the farmer's cows. Finally, he went to Colonel Crowninshield and requested that the annoyance be stopped.

"How do you know it is my dog?"



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only one
Guaranteed
Taffeta
Silk
Petticoat
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Every maker would guarantee
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a guarantee label
like this sewn in
the waistband:

GUARANTEE.

If through any defect the silk in this garment should split or crack within three months from date of purchase, we agree to replace it with a new petticoat.

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Consider what that guarantee means to you; and then wonder why nobody else ever guaranteed a taffeta silk petticoat. Here is why:

Most taffeta silk is dishonest silk,—loaded with mixtures and dyes to make it heavy,—adulterated until a yard of real silk becomes two yards of make-believe silk. That is why most silk petticoats crack, split, wear into rags over-quickly.

Once we made them that way, too—couldn't find an honest silk weaver.

Then we stumbled upon a Swiss silk-maker who thought more of honesty than of size,—who wove silk for quality and wouldn't cheat.

After we had proved that mill, we arranged to take all the silk it makes, every yard of it. And it is just, good, honest, worthy silk.

We control the whole output, from the cocoon to the finished silk. Every thread of it is honest, and this is the only silk that goes into the S. H. & M. Guaranteed Taffeta Silk Petticoat.

That is why we guarantee every garment we make. That is why no other maker does guarantee.

Ask your dealer to show you a petticoat with our guarantee label sewn in the waistband. If the label isn't there, tell the dealer "No!"—or no guarantee protects you then.

The Stewart, Howe & Meek Co. Limited

144 West Front Street, Toronto

Directly Opposite
Union Station.

All cars stop at the door or transfer
to a car that does stop there.

asked Colonel Crowninshield, rather unsatisfactorily.

"How do I know?" exclaimed the farmer, with rising indignation. "Why, I've seen him time and again!"

"You must bring me better proof," replied the colonel, coldly.

"All right, sir," said the farmer, in no uncertain tone. "The next time the dog bothers my cows I'll bring you all the proof you want—in a wheelbarrow."—"Boston Herald."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

MORLEY—At Ottawa on February 2, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Walden Morley, a daughter.

BEASLEY—Toronto, January 16, Mrs. Charles E. Beasley, a daughter.

CONVEY—Toronto, January 31, Mrs. E. I. Convey, a daughter.

MCDONAGH—Toronto, February 2, Mrs. Andrew J. McDonagh, a son.

PERKINS—Exeter, January 31, Mrs. R. J. M. Perkins, a son.

RICHARDSON—Toronto, Junction, February 4, Mrs. A. H. Richardson, a son.

WEESE—Toronto, February 2, Mrs. G. Wallace Weese, a daughter.

Marriages.

BIDDLE-THOMPSON—Toronto, February 1, Maud Evelyn Thompson to Jesse Bertie Biddle.

CARROLL-COSGROVE—Toronto, January 17, Marion Florence Cosgrove to John J. Carroll.

DELAMERE-MORISON—Winnipeg, February 1, Agnes Forbes Morison to Thomas G. Delamere.

FERRIER-DICK—Toronto, February 1, Jennie Mabel Dick to Charles Oakley Ferrier.

WOOLLEY-STOBO—Toronto, January 31, Lydia E. Stobo to William E. Woolley.

Deaths.

BURGESS—Toronto, Mrs. George V. Burgess, aged 43 years.

BURNS—Winnipeg, January 30, Robert Burns, aged 53 years.

BLAIN—Toronto, February 3, Mrs. Will H. Blain, aged 28 years.

BARDWELL—Chicago, February 4, Mrs. Harry J. Bardwell.

CAHLEY—Toronto, February 3, Mrs. Ann Cahley, aged 90 years.

COOK—Westmont, January 28, Catherine Elizabeth Cook, aged 84 years.

DUFF—Toronto, February 6, Mrs. James Duff, aged 73 years.

FURLONG—Toronto, James J. Furlong, aged 50 years.

FARRELL—Toronto, February 6, Mrs. Catherine Farrell, aged 82 years.

FOX—Toronto, February 6, James Francis Fox, aged 21 years.

KYLE—Toronto, February 5, Norman Howard Kyle, aged 16 years.

LINDSAY—Toronto, February 2, Mrs. Mary Bunting Lindsay, aged 73 years.

MACINTOSH—Toronto, February 3, Frederick P. Macintosh, aged 58 years.

PERKINS—Exeter, February 3, Robert Miller Perkins, infant son of the Rev. and Mrs. R. J. M. Perkins.

SCALES—Toronto, February 4, Mrs. Ida A. Taylor Scales.

WALKER—Brooklyn, N. Y., February 4, Irene Lorraine Somerville Walker, aged 1 year.

WAITE—Toronto, February 3, R. Warwick Waite, aged 19 years.

WINTER—Toronto, February 6, Arthur W. Winter, aged 40 years.

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